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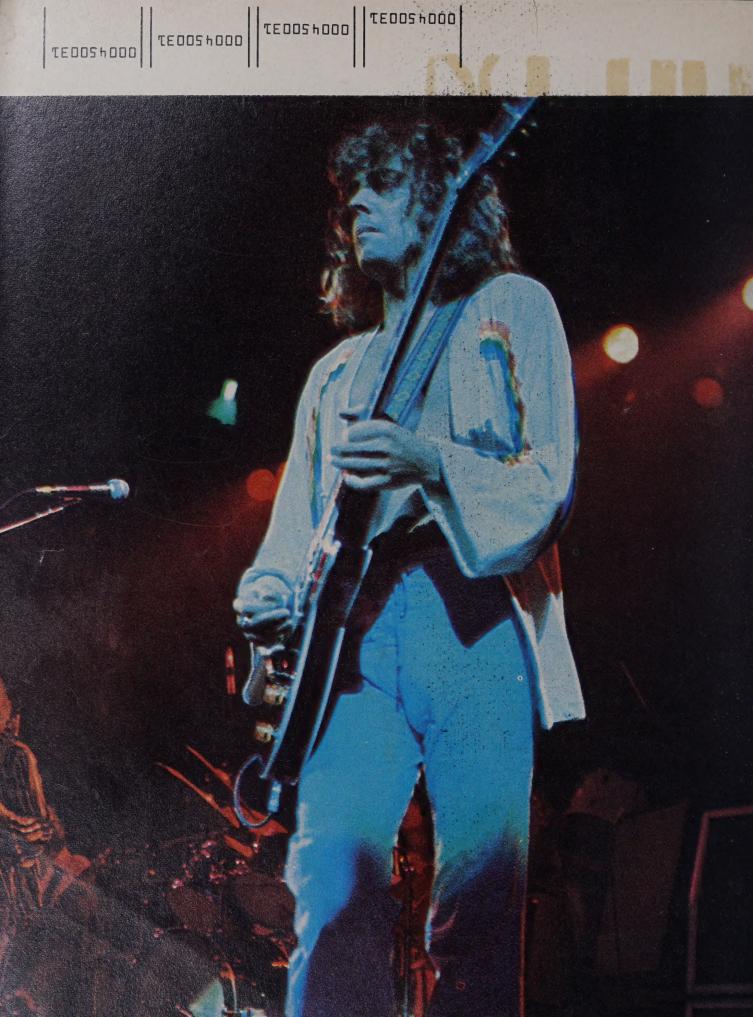
NEIL YOUNG

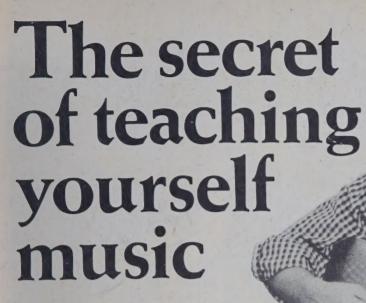
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### WE READ YOUR MAIL

Compliments, Questions, Information ... From You

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Executive Editor/William Anderson Executive Art Editor/John Cofrancesco, Jr. Associate Editor/Mary Jane Canetti

**Business Manager/Edward Konick** 

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ON ATLANTIC RECORDS & TAPES (AS)

PRODUCED BY ARIF MARDIN

# READ MAIL

# Info

Dear Sirs:

The article on Genesis in your October issue was very good. In it was mentioned that they were touring America in October. Could you please give me some information on this? Also, I have heard Peter Gabriel may be touring and is making an album. Do you have anything on him? I'd really like to read about what he's been doing. Thank you.

Sincerely, Vickie Downing Mahomet, Illinois

Dear Vickie,

Peter has recorded an album with producer Bob Ezrin for winter release on Atlantic Records.

Genesis — who also has anew lp for November release — will probably tour here around December. (Ed.)

Dear Hit Parader,

In your December issue you mentioned a KISS press kit and I want to know if you can tell us true KISS fans how we can get it.

Rock on, Tim Hershberger Clawson, Michigan

Dear Tim-

It's the booklet (written by Richard Robinson) in the current 3-LP Kiss set. (Ed.)

Dear Hit Parader.

I really liked your last interview with KISS. Do you know if they are ever going to show any real photos of themselves? I'd like to know what that goblin of Gene Simmons really looks like.

Later,



Henry Galaz Douglas, Arizona

Dear Henry,

Kiss don't want to spoil their mystique by revealing their real faces — yet. Gene Simmons looks better without the makeup. (Ed.)

Hit Parader,

I recently purchased your Sept. 1976 issue of Hit Parader. I love Aerosmith and was thoroughly delighted to read your article about "Aerosmith Savor Success." I think that you should have Lisa Robinson interview Steven Tyler. But that is my opnion. When was Aerosmith's Pontiac, Michigan concert?Is that when they were going to record their live album? I have one question about Steven Tyler: why is it that when he is onstage that he grabs his arms? Is it because of being tired of dancing with the microphone or something like that or could it be something else? Please tell me if you can. In the article written about Aerosmith, when they were discussing the title of the "Rocks" album, why did Joe Perry "Because we really have recorded four albums since we have one in the can, so this would be sort of our fifth?" I don't understand! Please explain.

I want to commend your photographers for this article—the pictures are fantastic! I wish your magazine would write more articles on Aerosmith. But then that's my opinion. But I just want you to know that I think your magazine is the best. It's got real good articles and interviews that are interesting. I can't wait till the next issue comes out.

# #1 AEROSMITH FAN & STEVEN TYLER FAN Donna Cambe

Clinton, Indiana

P.S. Who are the "KINKS"?

And what was the thing about "Harry Smith?"

I don't understand too much about these type of things.

Dear Donna.

- 1) Lisa has interviewed Steven;
- 2) The sound wasn't to the band's satisfaction at Pontiac;
- 3) Joe meant that they had recorded four albums (one was "in the can" recorded but not released);

4) The Kinks are one of the alltime great rock & roll bands. (Ed.)

# THE SOUND TRACK ALBUM

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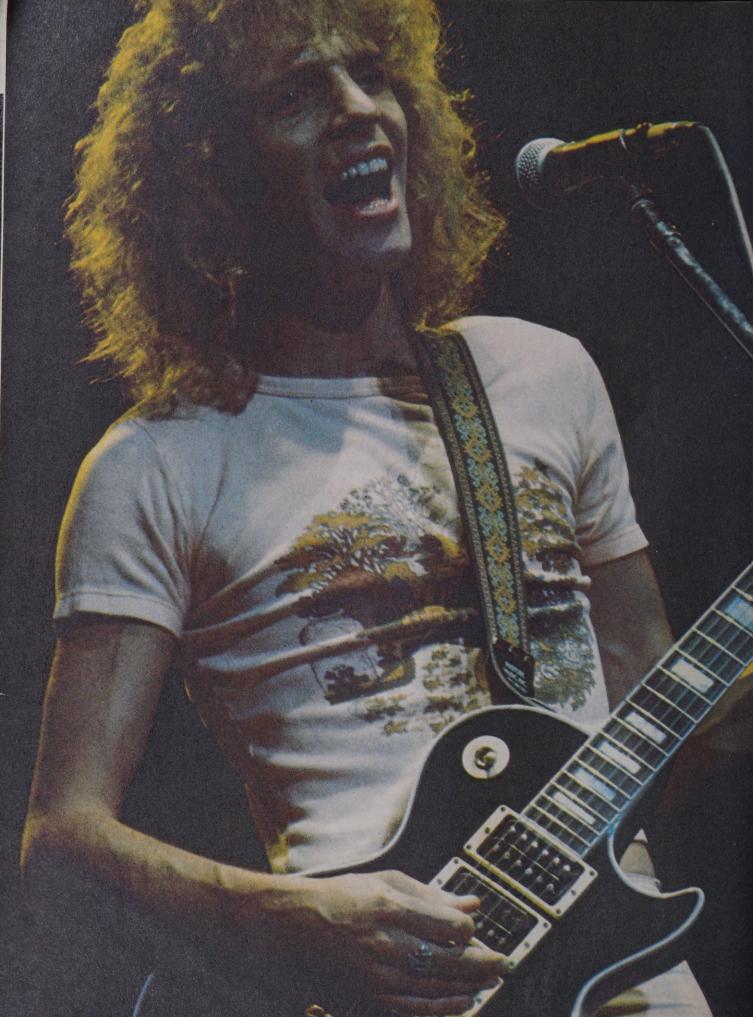


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PRODUCED BY JIMMY PAGE Executive Producer Peter Grant







If all of you people out there thought you'd seen the last bastion of teen mania in The Beatles, you'd better think twice. Frampton is here!

Of course, everyone knows that Peter Frampton (Hit Parader cover boy in our December issue) has amassed amazing success within the past year. The "Face of '68" has re-emerged as THE "Face of '76" as well. No doubt that by the time his fifth album is released in 1977 (the release date is set for April — much later than reported in these pages some months back), Frampton will have sold in excess of eight million copies of his FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE album.

A&M Records, his elated and currently industrious record company, is busy finding new ways to market its superstar. One luxury Frampton's success has afforded the company is that they recently were able to establish TV campaigns for FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE in markets where Peter Frampton hasn't been able to tour recently. Atlanta, Ga. was one of those markets and they had just ordered 200,000 albums for that area alone, The week we called A&M to arrange a Frampton interview, the publicist at the New York offices was repeating (as if in disbelief) that A&M has just shipped one million albums of ALIVE that week alone. The mind boggles.

Frampton's latest single, "Do You Feel Like We Do," has topped all the charts, marking the third release from the ALIVE album to do so. The end is not in sight, as they say; even the skeptics expect that ALIVE will challenge Carole King's TAPESTRY classic as the all-time biggest selling lp in history. Only Simon & Garfunkel's BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER and the aforementioned TAPESTRY have presently sold more copies than Frampton's ALIVE. Neither of those releases are considered "rock" albums either; therefore, ALIVE is actually the biggest rock album ever.

And with *People* magazine following Frampton around, soaring sales figures and the possibility of Frampton even moving into films (he's been offered the lead in the film of SERGEANT PEPPER, which John Denver was considered for), it looks like superlatives will become the order of the day. The sky, for Frampton, wouldn't even be the limit.

When asked what he'd do if his next album didn't sell any more than a mere two or three million, Frampton replied: "I wouldn't be upset; I can't, you know, compete with Peter Frampton." In this case, Frampton's logic is superb. How true it is. Who could compete with Frampton?

In fact, things have recently gotten to the point where Frampton the big selling musician has evolved into FRAMPTON THE IDOL!!! He recently had to evict himself from his Mt. Kisco, N.Y. home because, as he put it: "I'd wake up on Sunday mornings because of cars driving by — people looking at my house." Frampton is currently residing in his new estate (with some 40 acres of land), still just an hour north of New York City. Naturally, he's using his new-found wealth to build himself a demo studio in his own home. Also in his new home is the main person who has been his love for the last three years: Penny McCall. Songs like "Penny For Your Thoughts" were somewhat inspired, you see.

Today, Peter Frampton is just coming off his first European tour in more than three years. Why does he still tour so heavily? Surely he could rest?

"I love playing," Peter says. "I get more satisfaction out of playing live before an audience and seeing them respond than just about any other part of my music. Playing live is everything rolled into one. You are creating to the highest point, as far as improvisation, in solos and vocals, and it's a one-time thing—there's no take two. It's gotta be right.

"It's nearly always fantastic," he continues. "It's got to the point where even when we have a bad night, the audience would never know."

(continued on page 64)

# LIGHTNING STRIKES THIN LIZZY by Joseph Rose "It was unbelievable, because I was sitting in the hospital watching meself on Top of the Pops, and the record was bouncing up the charts every week ... while I lie there."



Just as Thin Lizzy's single "The Boys Are Back in Town" started burning up the charts, Phil Lynott was stricken with hepatitis in the middle of the tour.

When we last heard from Thin Lizzy, it was a hot new British band, making a big splash on its third incarnation. Then fortune and disaster struck at the same time.

Just as its single "The Boys Are Back in Town" started burning up the charts, the group's leader - bassist - lead singer Phil Lynott was stricken with hepatitis and had to be hospitalized in the middle of the tour. So the momentum went down the drain.

"I'm not 100 per cent fit," Phil said the other day, "but then I never am. We're touring again heavily, so if I can handle that, then I'll know I'm OK. It was unbelievable, because I was sitting in the hospital watching meself on Top of the Pops, and the record bouncing up the charts every week while I lie there."

But Phil's already put the past behind him, and his thoughts now are on Thin Lizzy's hot new album, "Johnny the Fox." If you think you've heard the name Johnny in connection with Thin Lizzy before, you're right. Before he was called Johnny Cool, and he's appeared in Phil's songs for a number of albums — way back to a song called "The Rocker" on the album "Vagabonds of the Western World". He's also shown up in "Jailbreak," "Showdown," and, yes, even "The Boys Are Back in Town." He's the tough guy, the punk, the operator, and it's obvious from the title that "Johnny the Fox" is a concept album about his character.

Wrong.

"It was sort of the same with the

"Jailbreak" album," Phil said. "There were tracks that lined, but it wasn't a concept album. And the reason this comes about is due to the pressure of having to come up with an album every so often, just record company pressure. For the period of time that I'm writing, I get sort of into one vein with certain songs.

"There's one track on the album called 'Johnny the Fox Meets Jimmy the Weed,' and that's all about a shady deal. The whole thing was, I got a lot from American influences, the whole funk thing and all. And this song is about two of these really heavy black dealers having a meet. That was just the vein I was trying to write about.

"And there's a song called 'Johnny.' It's the same character, only young, on the edge. Johnny gets into a lot of trouble. But as I say, they're different songs, only connected because I was thinking in that sort of vein. Then there's other songs where I'm nowhere near it.

"The song called 'Fool's Gold' is very hard to explain. It's based on the famine that happened in Ireland. That's why so many of the Irish people moved away and headed for the Americas. In the very last verse of 'Fool's Gold,' I say, 'In steps the Fox to thunderous applause.' And that was a definite link to the whole thing. The Fox was supposed to be the clever man, the slick character.

"The whole thing of Johnny the Fox came from when we were in America. The word for all the chicks was foxy. Well, I picked up on this word. Obviously, Hendrix had done 'Foxy Lady,' so I really couldn't use the word 'foxy.' But I still liked the whole feel of 'fox.' So I thought if I made it Johnny the Fox, that became masculine for some reason, as opposed to the feminine 'foxy.' "

Words and impressions mean a lot to Phil. He's presently working on a second book of his song - poems, and the stage performances of Thin Lizzy are marked by an obviously strong vision of what a rock band should look and act like. This attitude has been with Phil for a while now. It began to assert itself when the second Thin Lizzy was breaking up and he was called in for a meeting with his management team. At the time, he was just getting his first book of poetry together and "Vagabonds of the Western World" had made a small dent on the American charts.

As Phil recalls it, his managers told him, "Look, Phil, this is it. You can do it. It's there for you. All you have to do is get a proper band together, something that's going to be fresh and permanent."

"I was feeling really dead by this time," Phil said. "You know, disillusioned. I'd been through two changes of band. We'd had a hit single and gone right down. I really thought it was over. So I said, 'Only if I can do it the way I want.' You know how you get when you're moody? They said, 'Yeah, sure, go ahead. As much time as you'd like.' And so we just rehearsed and rehearsed."

Then crazy things started happening as (continued on page 62)

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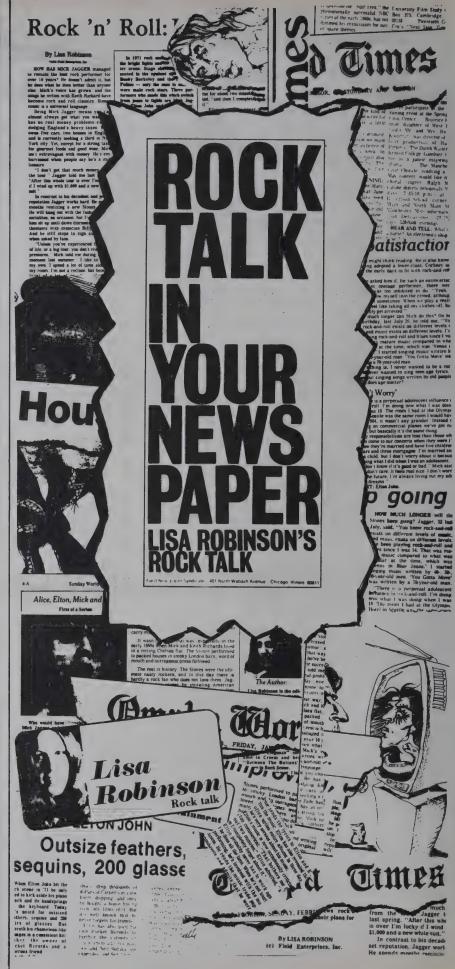


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# SIMADO SAMES SPINA SPINA

Let's start off this month's festivities with a request ... from me. Why aren't you writing me to tell me how much you hated that Kiss snub? Where are all of you James Taylor fans? How could you let me get away with the things I said about Mahogany Rush The Dead — The Allmans — Steve Stills? Could all my dreams have come true? Does everybody really hate the same people I do? Of course not, so please write and tell me off. And thanks to those people who have already written to me with questions about imports, cut-out records and assorted Spinaddict junk. I renew my pledge to try and touch every base in building "our" record collection. In order to generate that "hate" mail, I'm leading off this month with those records that have no redeeming value to these ears. Remember, don't let me get away with anything.

STEVIE WONDER "SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE" (MOTOWN) Funny thing about record buyers and record reviewers ... they think artists owe them a new record every year. Stevie took two years to get this double album — extended player together so people are agitated that it took so long. It took Joseph Heller 12 years to write "Something Happened" and Pynchon lingered over "Gravity's Rainbow" for seven years. So what's wrong if Stevie takes extra time to put together his masterpiece? And it is a masterpiece. A short record review could never do justice to the range of this Wonder music. I am not saving this is the best music Stevie has ever created. For my taste that happened way back when he was "Little" Stevie Wonder. But compared to his recent introspective phase (about the last six years), this is the best stuff he's done. The music has an almost continental feel, drenched in agile romanticisms and never once cashing in on the redundance of current disco-phasing. It is nice to hear a renewed interest in his chromatic harmonica playing. Many of the pieces sound almost classical in input though often simple in output. As I said, this space cannot do it justice. To be sure, there are numerous singles soon to see the light of Number One. People will make whole careers out of the ensuing cover versions. The packaging is both stunning and satisfying ... tons of personal notes, complete lyric booklet (Stevie holds up on the printed page) and that added ep of four songs just so you'll remember that this man really loves you. I hope it sells a billion.



THE STILLS-YOUNG BAND 'LONG MAY YOU RUN' (WARNERS) Read somewhere (I think it was Richard Robinson's "Rewire Yourself" column in CREEM) about this turntable that could be programmed to play only certain tracks on any given record. If you get one of those and if you buy this album set it up to play tracks 1,3,5,6, and 8. Curse the day that Young ever decided to regroup with that king of burn-outs, Stills. The strangest part of this whole record is the fact that they rarely participate in each other's songs. Now if someone could only perfect a stereo system that refused to play anything ever done by Steven Stills ... that would be something! Well what do you like anyway?...



HOT CHOCOLATE "MAN TO MAN" (BIG TREE) What soul! It is somewhat amazing that a British group can stand high above the current glut of American DISCO disgusting soul and deliver the goods on an idiom we created. Much of the credit can go to the outstandingly kinetic production work of Mickie Most. The band works off immaculately catchy riffs laced with spunk guitar and black-punk vocal bursts. I cannot begin to describe the wail of sound that torches a song such as "Heaven's in the Backseat of My Cadillac" and the lyric simplicity that catapults it into the classic realm of triads about glue-sniffing and batbeating. Errol Brown is undoubtedly a major singer-songwriter and Hot

Chocolate is the Eldorado perfectly equipped to take him to the top.

THE BEE GEES "CHILDREN OF THE WORLD" (POLYDOR) Now I'm sure there are people who think the Gibbs have sold out to the current disco craze but I don't. I'm a fan from way back (even when the red felt from "Odessa" got all over surrounding albums) but "You Should Be Dancing" comes across as being both funny and fantastic. Adore those eunic vocals and delight in trying to sing along with the unintelligible refrains. People turned off by the single will never even realize that the album also has a fair share of those syruppy love songs that the brothers have always been keen on. Try "Love Me" or "The Way It Was" and dare to tell me that it doesn't belong right next to the quivering plight-delight of "How Can You Mend A Broken Heart". Keyboard-master Blue Weaver has become a vital ingredient in the fullfisted Bee Gees sound with his temperament of swirling Arp orchestral fills and bouncy piano tinkling. But in the end it has to be that voice ... those voices ... that hit you in the heart, the feet and the groin (if you try and copy it) BEEching you from every which way to get up and dance or get down and whimper.



BAY CITY ROLLERS "DEDICATION" (ARISTA) I know the greatest Paul McCartney fan in the world. Her name is Melanie and she judges groups according to the Macca standard. She loves The Rollers. She diligently believes that young girls should have all the same chances to adore pop stars that she had in her Beatles heyday. To her "Dedication" is the best realization yet of that poppleasure. I couldn't agree more. I just read a review of The Rollers in concert in ROLLING STONE and the jerk claimed that they had no punch. The whole piece read like one of those jaded reviews that the straight press once relied on in dealing with the infant stages of 50s rock and 60s anglo rock. Based on "Dedication" and seeing the band perform on TV's 'Super-Sonic' it would seem that STONE HAS abandoned the guts of rock n' roll. No amount of hype and handsomeness can cover the fact that these tartan-terrors are first class ROCK 'N' ROLLERS. The original material is getting better every time and their choice and suave with other people's material (especially Russ

Ballard's "Are You Cuckoo" and the Dusty Springfield classic "I Only Want To Be With You) is top-notch. Leslie's voice is getting ever so tough (especially dig the arrogance on Vanda and Young's "Yesterday's Hero") and the production pandering of Jimmy lenner is the logical succession to his knob-twisting fling with The Raspberries. The title song of the album delves into the relationship between music fans, D.J.s and music makers. 'Dedication's playing just for you' Mel ... and me ... and anyone else that knows the true meaning of pop adoration. It makes me feel 13 all over again and that's good.

BRYAN FERRY "LET'S STICK TOGETHER" (ATLANTIC) Admit it, Spina, you've felt lousy ever since panning Roxy's live album. Well that's all over because this solo album is sublime. Pop music's best basso voice has finally discovered that the only thing he needs is himself. The blend of original and cover material is perfect. "Shame, Shame, Shame" is the best thing to happen to Jimmy Reed since the Rolling Stones and I never thought The Beatles (It's Only Love) or The Everly's (The Price Of Love) could sound so devilishly profundo. Lots of chances to hear how some early Roxy songs were always intended to sound like. Hope you don't mind, Bryan, but I've got to mention one other name in this review ... Chris Spedding. This guy's guitar playing knows no limits. The break in "Sea Breezes" is utterly amazing, recreating every possible mood and temperament of those elusive 'breezes' with the adeptness of a divine six-string being. Sounds like it's the right time for all that past critical praise to turn into huge commercial success.



WIGGY BITS "WIGGY BITS" (POLYDOR) Vanguard group of the impending Long Island sound. Made up from remnants of Barnaby Bye and the notorious Illusion, this group displays a deft talent for sonic effects and screechy power playing that occasionally reminds me of the logical continuation to Beck in his B, B&A daze. Lead singer Peppy Castro has this ominous talent for greasing up his music with heaps of hot-tempered

haughtiness and on Long Island, that's the only way to survive. This doesn't mean I want Wiggy Bits confined to the Sunrise Highway Circuit. Guitarist Richie Cerniglia could give any local lessons on attitude-guitar technique. And Mike Maniscalco is possibly the only rock drummer in the world worthy of possessing a double-bass drum kit. The record's best groove is "Bad Situation," filled as it is with screeching stop-and-go harmonies and Jimmy Page-ish chord slabs. Petty peev ... Why isn't there a picture of the group on the record cover? Even Led Zep gave us some faces the first time out.

TATTOO "TATTOO" (PRODIGAL on MOTOWN(?!) Thom Mooney (ex-Nazz) still has great hair and Wally Bryson was always my favorite raspberry. Just hope that Motown knows how to handle this potentially riveting bunch of rockers.

THE MOODY BLUES "A DREAM" (IMPORT ON NOVA RECORDS) This double record is sides recorded back in the "Go Now" era when Denny Laine was handling the vocal chores. It is the best stuff the Moodys ever recorded and well worth the hefty import price. Now that massive chains like Korvette's handle imports, there is no excuse for passing up this anglo originates.

STANLEY CLARK "SCHOOL DAYS" (NEMPOROR) This guy could play bass solos for a whole lp and get away with it. The added attraction is his equally-adept songwriting and the spectrum of emotions he explores on each new release. Progressive jazz is getting tough to define and even harder to find but it doesn't really matter because all you really need these days to have a complete collection of the best in that idiom is anything by Jeff Beck, all the works of Jan Hammer and Stanley Clark's "School Days." Come to think of it, that dream trio could devistate the course of musical histrionics. Clark is the undisputed king of THUNK. I dare you not to be moved.



JOHNNY COUGAR "CHESTNUT STREET INCIDENT" (RCA) The new Bruce Springsteen? Actually Johnny sounds more like the musical

personification of Clint Eastwood. He successfully takes on Roy Orbison, remakes "Super Lungs", (Donovancum-Terry Reid) calling it "Supergirl", and even takes a crack at reviving the Doors via "Twentieth Century Fox" but the best thing on the record is "Chestnut Street," one of those Americana - in - a - minute ditties that seem to sum up your life of use and abuse with all the right atmospheric twists and turns. Rookie of the month.

HALL AND OATES "BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US" (RCA) I'm usually not too keen on "...And..." groups, but these two guys were made for each other. Though the textures remain basically funky, Hall and Oates have a fine sense for steering clear of the cliches that have permeated soul music while digging deeply into the largely unexplored context of electro-wizardry. Philly's best import in years, these two cuties literally pant with power.



THE BEST OF THE BAND (CAPITOL) I've always wished that Dylan had picked some group such as Blue Cheer or The Seeds to give some punch to his music. Now those were bands worth saving and shoving into the limelight. What's so special about a bunch of hicks that sound like the houseband for Civil War Veterans square dances. Notice how Capitol had trouble picking "hits" off the last couple of albums. That's cause there weren't any. The Band's music has not stood the test of time. But now that I think about it, they always sounded empty, forced and downright wounded.

I couldn't say good-bye without making a quick plug for Robert Palmer's new record, "SOME PEOPLE CAN DO WHAT THEY LIKE" On Island Records. The real review will come next month. Let me just say that the guy is gorgeous (in a Helmit Burger sort of way), wears suits from Bellinis, has great style in album covers and creates music I can't live without. I've already worn out his two previous albums, "Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley" and "Pressure Drop" and will probably need a new copy of this one by the time next month's reviews come around. Why not buy a copy now and thereby know what I'm raving about next month.

Till then, buy up all those ancient Paul Revere albums for 99¢ each, dream about Patti Smith and don't forget to write. □

# NEIL YOUNG Long May He Run

by Jim Girard

The Neil Young story is an amazing one. I don't know how many of you realize just how instrumental this man was in the formation of present musical standards. Although it's been said before, Neil Young is a true pioneer. And although he's had his share of ups and downs (on several levels), Neil Young hasn't even peaked, in terms of creativity.

With The Buffalo Springfield 1966, this native of Winnipeg, Canada changed a lot of heads musically. The Springfield were LA's most revered cult band a decade ago. Along with Stephen Stills, Richie Furay and Jim Messina, Neil Young continued to make musical waves throughout his career. His post -Springfield years (1968-69) saw the beginnings of his illustrious and fertile career as a solo artist. Of course, Young achieved world-wide attention as the last name of the Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young handle. Never quite satisfied with the net result of their cumulative efforts, he still maintained a bright solo career — always being the most prolific of the quartet and toured independently (with various aggregations of excellent backing musicians, or various forms of Crazy Horse).

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune haven't always been kind to Neil Young. In fact, between 1972 and 1975, Young took a real beating (sales wise and critically) for three successive albums he released — specifically, and in order, they were: JOURNEY THROUGH THE PAST, TIME FADES AWAY and ON THE BEACH.

When TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT was released in 1975, Young's complexion seemed to change, his songs were getting more directed and inspired; he found his niche, again. Shortly after that, another album, ZUMA, was released to an even more positive public reception.

Today, with the release of LONG MAY YOU RUN by The Stills - Young Band, plus a greatest hits package being readied (in time for Christmas, natch), Neil Young has returned to the favor of the public. Having fallen from grace didn't seem to leave any scars. He doesn't talk as openly or as often as before, but his music remains intact, as driving and poignant as ever.



Neil Young, the songwriter, finally seems on the rebound.

"Out Of My Mind" was the first song I ever heard Neil Young sing. I heard it playing in a record store in 1967. I quickly bought the album, only then did I realize that on the same album, BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD, was Steve Stills' hit "For What It's Worth." After that, I was THE Buffalo Springfield freak of the midwest. I began collecting photos, watching the band on "Hullabaloo" and "The Red Skelton Show," and generally raving to everyone what a great genius Neil Young was. Although Stills and Furay were doubtlessly talented, it was Neil Young who I really idolized.

My heart could barely be contained in

when BUFFALO chest SPRINGFIELD AGAIN was released several months later. "Mr. Soul" became my national anthem and "Broken Arrow" was my own rock opera. At this point, Neil Young could do no wrong. I practically committed suicide when I heard that Neil had quit The Buffalo Springfield. But he returned before I could find a proper method to rid myself. Soon after that, LAST TIME AROUND hit the racks, but by 1968 the band had broken up. I was bummed. I kept a silent vigil, knowing that if I sang Young's "I Am A Child" enough, things would be okay.

It wasn't long before Neil Young hung up his buckskin jacket with the fringe and donned a simple lumberjack mystique for his solo album, NEIL YOUNG. In his plaid shirt, making Lipton tea in his cabin, Neil Young signalled a change of direction with songs like "The Loner" and "I've Been Waiting For You." Naturally, I loved it

Early in 1969, Neil Young formed Crazy Horse. The band was Billy Talbot, Ralph Molina and Danny Whitten. Whitten's rhythm guitar and vocal harmonies were a perfect compliment to Young's biting riffs and piercing vocal leads. I swear that Crazy Horse had the tightest rhythm section in the world; Molina being a fine drummer and Talbot putting out the most basic and tasty bass lines I've ever heard. I ventured to one of the first Neil Young / Crazy Horse gigs at a small club in Cleveland called LaCave. This was a few weeks before the release of the brilliant EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS NOWHERE album. As I introduced myself to Neil Young (as a fan), he gripped my hand firmly and called for his wife (Suzie) and introduced me to her. I probably dropped three buckets of sweat that night, having met Neil Young and having him acknowledge my existence. Well, my prejudices considered, I know that I saw the future of rock and roll that evening; Crazy Horse was dynamic and incredibly original in its delivery of Young's new material. Young's solo set which preceded that was equally haunting, as he joked with the crowd and played his one-note guitar part on "For What It's Worth." He also gave a rare reading of "Bird On A Wire," a song Neil explained was the only song that The Buffalo Springfield ever recorded that wasn't released.

Young and Crazy Horse returned to LaCave some months later (in May or so) and played several more nights of inspired music. They were paid \$300 for the evening; Neil took the cash at the end of each show and strolled down to his low-rent hotel several blocks away. He was no star. In fact, Neil was mumbling all the way to the hotel that nobody from Reprise/Warner even bothered to attend any of his shows (much less actually visit him or show him around town, as is the usual custom).

It was at this time that Neil sat in his dressing room at LaCave and talked excitedly to me about hearing the tapes of Crosby, Stills and Nash's first album. "They have asked me to play guitar for them; I think I'll do it. Those guys are the best and it's just what I need to get known. See, I'll never quit Crazy Horse," he said as he looked directly to Danny Whitten as if to reinforce the point.

Two months later, Neil Young played Woodstock with Crosby, Stills and Nash; his scuffling days were over. By this time, it wouldn't have mattered to him that he actually was my first interview. The ultimate irony is that I couldn't get any papers or magazines to take a story on Neil Young; the interview never got printed. By the time people realized who and how good Young was, the material

was already dated.

My first attempt at being a rock journalist having been aborted, I went on to other things. The next solo Young album was AFTER THE GOLD RUSH in 1970. Of course, "Southern Man" became my new anthem. By this time though, DEJA VU was a gold record and Young's contributions to that album (especially "Helpless", a song he'd sung in his solo sets for some time) made him legendary.

It was around this time that I ran into Neil Young (not to mention Crosby, Stills and Nash as well) again. It was after a sold-out arena date in Cleveland. I ventured backstage and talked to Young (who was guzzling a quick beer to replenish lost energy after a gruelling electric set with CSN&Y). While Stills coaxed Young and Crosby to pile into the waiting black limousines, Nash sat brooding in the rear seat. I was showing Young and Crosby photos of the old Springfield and Byrds; they acted like two excited kids. Stills thought it was silly and finally succeeded in getting them to leave by reminding them that they really don't do interviews and that they really should split. After a few photos were obligingly taken, I returned to my house and thought how different things were for Young. I had seen — if only for a fleeting moment — the incredible pressures of being a superstar. I knew Neil Young well enough to know that his ego needed recognition, but his nerves didn't need the strain. He'd left the Buffalo Springfield once for the exact same reasons.

It wasn't a surprise when I heard that Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young weren't working together anymore. It took Young until early 1972 to release his next solo work, the compelling and highly commercial HARVEST lp. This album he did with The Stray Gators, a loose aggregation of friends that he eventually toured with. They included Ben Keith (pedal steel), Dave Briggs (keyboards, production), Nils Lofgren (guitar) and a few others. Tracks like "Are You Ready For The Country?" and "Old Man" became immediate favorites. From this album, Young had a few million-selling singles and was, seemingly, better off than ever before. He'd proven that he was a more prolific writer than his three more notorious "partners." It looked as though Young would take all the honors. Were it not for the sloppiness of that Stray Gators tour, Young's own personal changes and the three lp releases that followed (JOURNEY THROUGH THE PAST, TIME FADES AWAY and ON THE BEACH, as mentioned), Young just might have made his good reputation better. As it were, the years 1973-75 were especially unproductive ones for him. The summer of '74 saw a major U.S. tour by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. SO FAR (which was a greatest hits album) was released to coincide with the tour; the band cleaned up, financially speaking. And financially would be the only reason to speak of that questionable reunion tour. Playing to upwards of 40,000 people per gig was ridiculous in itself for such (supposedly) concerned veterans.

Rumors about them doing it for money seemed, at best, reasonable.

By this time, however, Young was coming out a drug period and was getting it together. The death of Crazy Horse guitarist Danny Whitten shocked Young, to say the least. Although Young had kept working (in private mostly) with Crazy Horse, nothing materialized in the way of records. In July of 1975 TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT was released. Although the material was hardly new, the basic Neil Young that had been missing from recent releases was showing through. It took a major trauma like Whitten's death to shake him out of his mawkish hole. And although many of the tracks on TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT are tributes to Whitten, they are inspiring (in the same way Young's "Ohio" was inspired — upon hearing of the Kent State four's tragedy when National Guard members shot them to death). Maybe these tragedies give him a sense of righteousness and purpose. If so, then it's understandable why Young's finest works have been ones where he has played troubadour to the masses; he excels when he is allowed to look beyond himself and get a bit preachy.

Once again, Neil Young scored a positive vibration with last year's ZUMA. Neil Young the songwriter finally seems on the rebound. His name has been turning up in the strangest places. Linda Ronstadt recently had a hit single on the country charts with his "Love Is A Rose." Waylon Jennings' latest lp, ARE YOU READY FOR THE COUNTRY, got its handle from Young's song of the same name (and Waylon's version soon became the number one single in country markets, even crossing over into the pop charts).

Most significantly, however, is the Stills-Young album LONG MAY YOU RUN. With the flowing, harmonious title cut released as a single, the tone for this joint project was set. At a time when Stills' own career is on the skids (artistically and commercially), Young's encouragement and support was sorely needed. Young wrote and sings five of the nine tracks on the album; his tunes are also more stellar than Stills' somewhat mundane arrangements. Again though, the purpose of the project was to help Stills' career from falling into oblivion. So it's no wonder that under these circumstances Young drives the album through the same urgent paces that made ZUMA (and his earlier works) such a success. Young's backing vocals and guitar work on Stills' "12/8 Blues (All The Same)" is further testimony that the man has what it takes - once again.

It looks as though Neil Young and Crazy Horse are going back on the road, playing limited engagements in small halls. There's the GREATEST HITS package that Reprise is putting out, plus a few albums Young already has in the can, one of which is tentatively called CHROME DREAMS. With his worst problems, seemingly, in the past, Neil Young is back on the track; long may HE run.



Lisa: Hi. When's your album being released?

Lou: I think October ... it better be. Lisa: What do you mean, it better be. And what's the name of it?

Low: It's called "Rock & Roll Heart"
After all this.

Lisa: You recorded it at the Record Plant? How long did it take?

Lou: It took 27 days...

Lisa: That's long for you, isn't it?

Lou: For me, yeah. I took a lot of time and care with this one. After all, it wasn't on RCA, so...

Lisa: Right, I saw that famous photo of Clive (Davis, President of Arista Records) hugging you ... so you're out of the RCA contract?

Lou: He wouldn't have been hugging me if I wasn't free and clear. And if I wasn't white, you know.

Lisa: Oh? Do you want me to print that?
Lou: I think he'd get a kick out of that. Gil
Scott-Heron probably won't ... Put me in
bad with him right from the beginning.
Lisa: Tell me something about the album.
What's it like?

Low: Well, it's the first time I was thinking of printing my lyrics with it.

Lisa: Why?

Lou: Oh ... to explain 'Rock & Roll Heart' so it didn't have a clawing, cloying kind of saccharin tinge to it ... like "I guess I'm dumb because I know I ain't smart but deep down inside I got a rock and roll heart..."

Lisa: That's a lyric?

Lou: Yeah.

Lisa: Oh, I thought you were just telling me that.

Lou: Same thing. It'll be one of my most memorable lines.

Lisa: I see. Well, why would you do that this time, especially considering that before — people really were analyzing your lyrics and now they're not?

Low: Well, because now they're not doing that. Also it's just a rock and roll album and I thought I'd put some rock and roll lyrics in it. Plus it sums up everything pretty good. Also, I did all the guitar work.

Lisa: Really? You mean no Steve Hunter, or any of that...

Lou: No. Nobody. I'm all the guitars whether people believe it or not, and I do solos, finally.

Lisa: Oh my God. Like "Polk Salad Annie"? One of your favorite riffs...

Lou: As a matter of fact, what I did was finally get my Chuck Berry solo out of my system. Everybody has to take their crack at it at some point and I finally did it. Lisa: Are you happy with Arista, with

Lou: There's nobody I would have rather been with and I'm tickled pink about it, to coin an old phrase.

Lisa: What do you think he'll do for you that hasn't been done before?

Lou: Sell records.

Lisa: What else do you think you would



"I played all the guitars on this album ... I know people won't believe it but it's true..."

do if you weren't doing all this?

Lou: Who has any choice? I can't hypothesize. Sell shoes at Thom McCann's and be left alone. I don't know. But I'd probably get very, you know, bitchy, and everything...

Lisa: You mean as opposed to the way

you are now?

Lou: Yes, you know, charming.

Lisa: How's your spirit these days? I mean, are you in a good mood? Are things good for you? Are you happy? Lou: Oh yeah. I mean I hate to disappoint everybody, but ... Oh — there was one song I didn't do the background vocals. Lisa: Wait a minute. You did the

background vocals too?

Lou: Yeah, all but one, the song called "You Wear It So Well". The Chuck Berry song is called "Banging On My Drum." Some magazine said it was an ode to masturbation.

Lisa: Well, I'm not mentioning the name of the magazine....

Lou: I should hope you wouldn't. Just say a rock rag, read by geriatrics...

Lisa: Well, anyway... Lou: Ever onward.

Lisa: Were you scared doing the guitars and the background vocals?

Lou: Oh not at all. It's the first time I bothered you know. There's one song called "Ladies Pay" where the guitar solo is right up there with any ... well, there are some that are as good as "Heroin" or "Sweet Jane" or any of them.

Lisa: When did you write them?

Lou: When I knew I had an album to do. I wrote a lot of them in the studio. It's a heavier album, it's not as laid back. It's more fun and it's more vicious.

Lisa: Will it be easy to perform this

material?

Lou: Yeah, if I can sing and play the

guitar at the same time.

Lisa: With the exception of the nights you did at the Ocean Club with John Cale this year, how long has it been since you've performed?

Lou: Oh ... it's been like a year.

Lisa: You mean when you shot up onstage ... I mean mock-shootup onstage. Lou: Ooooh ... Some people still don't know whether it was real or not. My own roadies. I mean good acting is one thing, but...

Lisa: Well, how did you feel about all

Lou: I thought it was just what everybody deserved. If they want to see somebody make believe he's shooting up, you know, and get their rocks off at age fifty ... 1 mean at that time in life I was ready to stand there like a ghoul and do it.

Lisa: Would you say you have contempt

for your audience?

Lou: Certain segments of it. I don't have comtempt for it ... I have a lack of it ... That's why I'm playing smaller halls, and hope that the barbarians won't be there. I want the show to be for those who aren't interested in seeing somebody stand there and make believe he's shooting up.

Lisa: Well, I don't think you're going to get the Fleetwood Mac fans...

Lou: I love Fleetwood Mac's album. I just hope I don't get, you know, Olivia



"Oh, I wouldn't go anywhere without the Baron..."

Newton-John's audience.

Lisa: I don't think there's much of a chance of that...

Lou: You never can tell ... Oh, also I'm using video in my show.

Lisa: Hmmmm, how?

Lou: Well, if I could lay my hands on Richard (Robinson)... except he's getting smart now, keeping his ideas to himself ... Anyway, it won't be a light show. I mean, we won't have lights the way people hire Showco and have lights. We'll have a wall of video, you might say.

Lisa: Do you like being on the road?

Lou: Well, I never really go out. Like when I was in Europe they kept saying that I was so encapsulated because I never left the hotel. Where else are you going to go? I never go out in New York unless there's a mugging...

Lisa: Wait a minute, I've seen you out. I saw you out in CBGB with a tape recorder.

Lou: Ohhhh ... that thing you wrote, my

Lisa: About Tom Verlaine taking the tape recorder away from you? I thought it was cute..

Lou: Well, it's grown in grandeur. Way above the mock argument I had with Richard Betts when I said I thought the Allman Brothers were shit.

Lisa: Lou, are there singles on this album? Lou: There are, I feel, at least four singles. And that's being super-critical. There's no way I can't have a hit single

Lisa: Well, "Walk on the Wild Side", that was a hit single...

Lou: Well, it was a special kind of hit single. It was controversial, and it was about gay and all that. These hit singles aren't about anything in particular. If you can translate the lyrics to one of them it would be hysterical. You won't be able to. Lisa? Which one?

Lou: "Claim to Fame". It goes "spaced out, space dead whole is round, this square is pegged" and you know, they come out very fast. "Hip looks dry mouth, waiting for that old handout. That's your claim to fame".

Lisa: Well, I certainly can't wait to hear

Lou: Everybody says that, they don't really want to.

Lisa: Lou please, I've been moving, it's

been a madhouse...

Lou: I moved a lot of times this year. I had a loft above a methadone clinic. I got this incredible bargain and it turned out to be an incredible bargain because it was above a methadone clinic. It was grotesque. Like junkies are really ... just that. It wasn't a place for me and my dachshund.

Lisa: You're really fond of that dog, aren't you?

Lou: Oh yeah.

Lisa: What's it's name?

Lou: Baron ... the young baron... Lisa: Where did you get him?

Lou: When I was living on 52nd Street, going through interminable hassles legally per usual, and I couldn't resist wandering into a shop and I said "well, I couldn't take any of these because I have just a little apartment," and they said -"look what we have for you."

Lisa: Isn't it a tremendous responsibility? Lou: It really is, it's like having a kid. Lisa: I would think it would be worse, because you can't talk to it. Well I guess maybe you can. What do you feed him?

Lou: Gainesburgers.

Lisa: Lou, that's poison. You should give him steak tartare.

Lou: Well, when we have some left over... Lisa: Are you going to take him on the road with you?

Lou: Oh sure. I wouldn't go anywhere without the Baron.

Lisa: Did you take him into the studio during the making of this last lp?

Lou: I brought him down just to take a look. You know, he gets cranky...

(On this domestic note, we'll put the conversation on hold. There's more ... To be continued.)

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# THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

by Lisa Robinson



"I was so much more involved with this record than my other albums ... I was more into the technical thing. I discovered that there's this whole other thing about recording that's the studio ... and I think it could keep me interested for another seven years..."

Linda and I did this interview when she returned to her hometown, Tucson, Ar., for a benefit concert to aid Tucson's Desert Museum. Linda told me that when she was a little girl, her dream had always been to go into the cages at the Museum and pet the animals, but "all I ever got near was a turtle". That afternoon, she finally got her wish when the Museum people brought over a porcupine, a wild boar, a skunk, a screech owl and a ringtail cat to the Ronstadt family home...

Later on that evening, prior to her sold out concert at the Community Center, Linda and I talked while she dressed, made up, drove to the hall, sat in the dressing room (for an interview previously syndicated with my byline for the Field Newspaper Syndicate). She was open and candid, revealing many of her thoughts on performing, the songs she sings, her personal life, and a newly - emerging sense of security. I liked her a lot.

HP: How do you feel about the success of the latest album?

Linda: Well, I'm delighted with it because I was so much more involved with this album than with any other record I'd done before. I've always been involved

with my records — for better or for worse I never let anyone mix anything when I wasn't there. I was always involved with the arrangements and I picked the tunes. I made a lot of bad records; but they were bad because I didn't know what I was doing. It was my fault — I take the blame. But this time, not only was I writing stuff, I was a lot more involved with the technical end of it. I found out that there's this whole other recording that's the studio ... the Digital delay machine, and the Apex machine, and there's all this stuff. I mean it's technology again, but dammit, it's really interesting. I got real excited about it and started to think about it, and thought that this could keep me interested for about another seven years. Without ever getting bored; all it takes is concentration. And I'm beginning to think that concentration is real fun. I used to be so frightened in the studio that I would go to sleep under the

HP: Do you have more security, knowing about things like that? Do you feel that you have more of a control over your life? Linda: Absolutely. People have always asked me if being a woman made it harder in this business ... having a lot of male em-

ployees, and all. Of course it's made it incredibly difficult, but it's not impossible. I know a lot of girls who say, "well, I'm a chick and of course they won't hire me to play guitar," and they use that as an excuse. I just find that musicians are musicians, and they love to play. And if somebody wants to come and play with them, and make it groovy, they're delighted. What was really the turning point for me was when I got over being afraid to take the guitar to rehearsal and say, "we're going to learn this new song and it goes like this" ... I can't play very well, but they didn't care. They only cared that I could communicate with them and it was easier to communicate. Now we have fun; I love those guys, and they love

HP: Are there other instruments you want to learn?

Linda: I'd like to learn to play other instruments to communicate with the band, and also because it's fun. When I sit around at home, and I'm bored, (and I'm the most easily bored person in the world), I don't want to depend on somebody else to come over and amuse me. I would rather amuse myself. I was alone in the house the other night after we



"I know a lot of girls who think, 'well, I'm a chick and of course they won't hire me to play guitar.' They use that as an excuse."



"When I sit around at home, I'm easily bored, and I don't want to have to depend on someone else to come over to amuse me ... The other night I got off the road and was home alone and I PANICKED."

got off the road, and it gets to be a sort of habit when you're on the road to depend on the other guys to keep you going. And there was nobody down the hall to go and say "let's go play poker, or get screwed up," or whatever. I didn't know what to do. I was stunned. I panicked. I walked across the room and bumped into the piano; it hit my leg and I thought well ... there must be some better use I could put this to. So I sat down and played for an hour and a half, and found out that I could play a few chords on it. Of course I was frustrated at the end of the hour and a half because I didn't have any craft...

HP: Has being on the road become the accepted way of life for you?

Linda: Well, I'm very comfortable in hotel rooms, I'm more comfortable in hotel rooms than I am in anybody else's place except my own, and sometimes I'm even more comfortable in hotel rooms than I am in my own place simply out of laziness, or habit. But being on the road can be a real trap; it can be a real convenient excuse to not develop any

substantial relationships, responsibilities ... We panic when we get home, because on the road your day is always planned. Someone calls you, wakes you up, tells you what to do. And even though it's a drag, and boring, and tedious as hell sometimes, not to mention exhausting and terrifying ... you can always use it as an excuse. I would always be that way with relationships ... like "hey, you're getting real boring, I'm going to Cleveland..." It was a real handy excuse. But you can overcome these things in relationships.

HP: Perhaps you're more secure...

Linda: Yeah, well, it's a vicious cycle, because with deeper relationships you can feel more secure, but you need to be more secure in order to have the deeper relationships.

HP: Do you feel that there's been a decided change in your image? Not so much the cute, giggling girl...

Linda: Well, I stopped doing that to a certain extent. I was always afraid, so I always used to do that. Peter Asher was

one of the first people to discover that I could speak English. He reinforced that, whereas other people would reinforce my dependency on them. They would exploit me in that way.

HP: Do you feel, as others have said, that you sing unhappy songs?

Linda: Well yeah, but I feel real good. I think that you sing to lighten the load, you know. The biggest burden is alienation and loneliness, so that's what I sing about. I don't really think of things like "happy" ... happy is such an ephemeral state. I like to think about joy, or celebration ... Songs don't have to be happy or unhappy, they can be a release ... a celebration.

HP: How much time will you get to spend at home this year?

Linda: Well, I'm taking the whole winter off. I'll do another album, to come out probably around springtime, and I want to finish up my house. And I'm going to go back to music school ... I really am frustrated with my music. I always thought that what I had was a real seat-

of - the - pants number, and I've never been any good at studying things. But when I moved across the street from Jackson Browne and saw how he sang and played the piano, and then saw how he sang and played the piano six months later when I moved away ... I thought, uhoh. I just had to face up to the fact that you had to work.

HP: Do you have to work at your singing?

Linda: Oh God, yes. I never have, but I get better in spite of myself just by hanging around with other musicians. I finally realized that I couldn't sit around with my guitar and hear myself sing, because I was always screaming over a band. And I developed a lot of bad singing habits, things that were bad stylistically as well as physically. And if you cant hear the real subtle details of what you sound like; there isn't much room for exploration. Sometimes I hear those details in the studio, and it really bums me out. I'm one of those people who can't stand to listen to anything I've recorded.

HP: Really? Even "Down So Low"? Linda: Oh, it gives me a rash, that song particularly. I thought it was real courageous for me to do, I was into it when I sang it, and I thought, "well, that's as good as I can get it". It was mostly all live vocal, and that was it. I don't look back on the vocals, I think if the feeling was there when I did it, and it was in tune, I let it go.

HP: Do you ever get carried away by your singing, or feel as if your voice is coming from somewhere else?

Linda: Oh, I wrote a song like that. The only song I ever wrote was "Try Me Again", and it completely came from a Martian. It never occurred to me that I could write a song, so I never tried. Writing wasn't my craft. That song just spurted out like toothpaste. I felt real bad one night, and was driving in my car, and I wrote it on the back of a traffic ticket. It wasn't as if I sat down and had a real profound thought, it just went blip ... and then a little later I wrote the bridge and that went blip ... I don't think songwriting is something you can sit down to do until you've developed it. And at that point, you can only try and put yourself in a place where it can come through you. If you sit down and try to write, it ends up sounding like something somebody tried to write. The real great ones seem to come out of the blue at you. I've had some things come out of the blue at me before, that I've written down, and now that I understand that process a little better, it's up to me to learn to play the piano to get it out.

HP: Is it hard being the focus of the band, having to give of yourself to each member of the band...?

Linda: Yes, and I never wanted to be that. I was never that in my family, I was the youngest one, and I'm not an aggressive person, I was very shy. Also, I never wanted to be a lead singer, I wanted to be in a group. I'd still like to be in a group. I sing a thousand times better with other people than I do with myself.



"I'm more comfortable in hotel rooms than in anybody else's place except my own, and sometimes I'm even more comfortable in hotel rooms than my own place, out of habit ... laziness..."

HP: Does singing with Emmylou Harris and Maria Muldaur and that kind of stuff make you more satisfied, musically?

Linda: Yes, all those girls really stretch me out a lot. Emmy was the one who dragged me out of the quagmire I was in for two years. After I made the last album for Capitol Records, I went into this comatose depression and my music just stayed on one level, that country rock thing. And I wasn't growing as a person. I was on the road all the time, and I ran into Emmy on the Neil Young tour. My feeling is that if somebody is great, they bring up the level of everybody around them. I could have said, "now here's this girl who's doing what I do and she's even doing it a little bit better than I am ... I better watch out and I hope she doesn't succeed...". But when I met Emmy, I was quick to realize that she was real honest. I liked her right away, and then she started to sing ... and well, you can't not like something that's good.

HP: Are you scared at the beginning of tours, or whenever you have to go onstage?

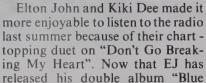
Linda: Yes, I'm always scared always ... but this time out I was particularly scared because I had been off the road for six months, and I'd never been off the road for more than a month. My sensitivities had been allowed to grow back again, and they weren't so bludgeoned out that I was

a zombie. I was aware enough to be scared, and aware of how scared I was. The anticipation of the road was so bad, that I threw up on the way to the airport. The first week I was rehearsing in Dallas, I thought I was getting an ulcer. I was taking stomach relaxers ... I couldn't eat anything at all. Then all of a sudden, it just clicked. I thought either I could go home and check into a hospital ... and have a nervous breakdown, or I can beat this, and go onstage every night and try harder. What I did was I got drunk a lot ... and I don't drink. But it made it possible for me to go out there and get loose. I didn't sing as well, because you can't when you're drunk. I was sloppier and I sang flatter, but I wasn't as scared. When I got a couple of shows under my belt, then I was okay.

HP: Are you really sad and lonely? Linda: Yes, of course. I mean not all the time ... but most of the time. But this tour has been real unique, the musicians are the same as before and we've gotten to know each other and there really are no secrets between us anymore ... We're all real out in the open, we're much closer. I think my attitude changing has had a lot to do with it. It's made a difference in the way we relate to each other. Because they have to take their cue from me ... onstage, and I guess in our band - personal - relationships as well...  $\square$ 

# ROCKEROLL HOTLINE







Moves" which has preoccupied his recording time over the past year, he's headed for London and gone into the studio with Ms. Dee. The result: Kiki Dee's next album for Elton's Rocket Records.



This official Beserkley Records photo of Jonathan Richman doesn't portray the change that's come over him in his development. Jonathan and the Modern Lovers recently gave a sold-out, seven - encore performance at New York's Town Hall that brought us a longer - haired, super - spirited Jonathan. Whether he was singing about his Dodge Vegematic or extolling the virtues of New England, Jonathan presents himself with an unconscious flush that convinces the audience of his honest, direct approach to rock and roll. Wearing his best cut-off Levi soccer outfit, Jonathan pleased the audience with his love songs and had them rolling with laughter with his rock & roll songs. His encore was brilliant and brought the audience to their feet to cheer JR and his band. The most requested tunes were "Astral Plane" and "Bank Teller", cuts from Jonathan's Beserkley albums which are familiar to NYC fans because of the airplay they've gotten on local FM stations.

Hey kids, it's the rock 'n roll legend himself. Must get awful chilly wearing a sky jacket without a shirt. Anyway, we'll leave all that to Lester Bangs and proceed to tell you that Lou posed for this photo to commemorate the release of his new rock 'n roll album called "Rock And Roll Heart". He's no longer recording for the record company who brought you John Denver and David Bowie. Instead he's recording for Arista who are bringing us Ray Davies and Patti Smith. "Rock And Roll Heart" includes Lou's first instrumental track, "Chooser And The Chosen One". Lou plays all the guitars on it. Other tracks are "Band On My Drum," "Rock And Roll Heart," and Senselessly Cruel'." Very good, Louis.





Starz marked their West Coast debut with a free concert at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Onstage from left to right are bass player Peter Sweval, drummer Joe X. Dube, lead singer Michael Lee Smith, guitarist Brenden Harkin and guitarist Richie Ranno.



We finally got hold of this photo of Stevie Wonder and Bob Marley jamming during Stevie's appearance in Jamaica last year.



# Big Muff 7

Jimi Hendrix relied on the BIG MUFF PI for his smooth, mellow, supple electric-lady sound. This finest distortion device is high on sustain and low on distortion. Whole chords can be played with minimum distortion. It is designed

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Muff Fuzz This funkiest distortion device will give the player that dirty sound which cannot be gotten from today's popular solid state amps. It gives the player that natural distortion of tube-amps used



by the Rhythm 'n Blues Bands of yesteryear. And now it comes with a double male plug that lets you plug into amp or instrument.

# Little Big Muff

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You can buy the MUFFS from us using the coupon below. If the BIG MUFF PI doesn't make you sound like Jimi Hendrix or Santana, you can return it to us within 10 days for a full refund!!! Or if you want to save some money, check your local music stores. Many leading stores have the BIG MUFF PI on special sale NOW for less than \$32, the LITTLE BIG MUFF PI for less than \$21, and the MUFF FUZZ for less than \$13.

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# Viva La Long Unsung BLUE OYSTER BOYS Then, having snagged your attention. I'll slant into historical info, musical analysis, personality crisis — all the stuff

Since an amusing, wild 'n' wooly story of life on the road with the Blue Oyster Cult was my mission - action first! Then, having snagged your attention. I'll

# From Cultdom's Folds To Tidal Waves Of Fame

by Trixie A. Balm



"It seems as though there's a lot of wasted time on the road ... waiting for this, waiting for that. But the best thing ... is playing on stage. Sometimes it's just getting mad when things go



Together and in various combinations, ... rock intelligentsia / intelligent rockers gave heavy metal a couple of the most astounding songs...

you probably wouldn't sniff twice at unless the story grabbed you in the first place (for whatever reasons BESIDES your being friendly with or related to the group concerned)...

# PART I ATLANTA INCIDENTS

We're headed for the Fairmont Hotel. Cramped in this late-model Cadillac limo, Allan Lanier's on my left, Albert Bouchard's on the jumpseat in front of me, Donald 'Buck Dharma' Roeser's to Albert's left, Joe Bouchard's behind Donald, beside Allan; Eric Bloom's up front with the driver. Allan tunes in the local Top 40 AM station on his portable marine band - AM/FM radio / cassette tapedeck; a discofied Beethoven's Fifth spews out while the limo fwooshes smoothly along the expressway from Atlanta Airport to hotel, over the gently rolling hills of Georgia, asphalt under

To all this voluptuous late summer countryside rolling by, the guys turn a listless eye. Intent, instead, on listening to the radio and raising the umpteenth discussion on the state of current music in general (the favored conversational topic, as far as I could tell). Albert, twinklyeved, mustachioed and characteristically grinsome, says he thinks disco's all right. Buck stares out his window, laconically. Ditto for the other guys: no comment. Sigh. What's the point?

A weary Allan Lanier cracks a few wiseass asides on disco not really pro or con, then settles back, dragging on a Winston, for the last leg of the ride through Atlanta, where he once lived and went to school (born in Birmingham, Al., Allan lived in Georgia for a few years, then Florida — all over. "Deep South meets far North.. My voice sounds exactly like my Great Uncle Sidney"). "Right down that block — that's where the house was," Allan pointed down a lushly shaded residential block not far from the Fairmont Hotel.

Arriving, we all stumbled out of the limo into the hotel lobby, to the front desk for already - placed BOC reservations — each to his own room. Latecomer myself, I'm detained by the receptionist, slightly worried I'll lose track of everyone and not get any material taped for this article for which Columbia Records grudgingly flew me to Atlanta, Ga., for 12 hours. But — Allan Lanier put my mind at ease: told me I should ring up his room after we get settled in.

Hit the hotel, wash up, eat, try to relax that's the glamour of life on the road, mostly. In Atlanta, maybe four hours



total were spent at the hotel. Whisking in and out's the R&R tour lifestyle. You gotta have heart...

\*\*\*\*

Two hours post-check in, drummer Albert Bouchard and I recorded an interview outdoors, poolside, distant thunder booming in the leadening sky.

"What's the worst thing, for you, about

being on the road?" I ask.

Less smile - creased than usual, Albert cocked his head thoughtfully and replied, "It seems like there's a lot of wasted time — waiting for this, waiting for that. I try to use my time as constructively as I can on the road, do my hobbies ... drawing, swimming—"

"All right; so what's your favorite thing

about being on the road?"

"It has to be playing on stage, taking my drum solo. Sometimes it's just getting mad, when things go wrong." Being on the road's good emotional release. "Either you're real happy, or you're real mad, or you get real lonely. And, on the road, I have an excuse why I shouldn't be trying to write really great stuff—" which is frustrating to Albert; he's always comparing his art to people he greatly admires, like Patti Smith and Sandy Pearlman. (With Albert, boffo up - and coming songwriter / vocalist Helen Wheels has co-written several amazing heavy rock numbers rife with bikers - sex - violence passion - urgency, tapes I've heard on which Albert sings and plays

most tracks — topnotch stuff, every bit as excellent as...)

Later, Eric Bloom said of his dislike of touring: "It's not really a lot of fun. When you play, like, Atlanta or Detroit or New York or LA, it's all right. There's good food, hotels, things to do outside your room. When you play towns like Topeka, and Waterloo, Iowa — all these 'secondary markets,' to use the touring term" — adds Eric jovially — "then yes, it's no fun being on the road."

Having heard a frantic WINS news report on a bloody rockfest panic the morning of my flight, I asked the Cultsters what happened the night before, when a supposed 'riot' erupted at this outdoors Warren, Ohio, concert the BOC had played.

Albert first: "Towards the end of our set, they rushed the state, and it looked like they were gonna tear it apart, and our roadies just sorta went out and stood at the edge of the stage. And, like, they (the roadies) kinda intimidated people because if they didn't ... It looked like they were going to tear it down eventually or something."

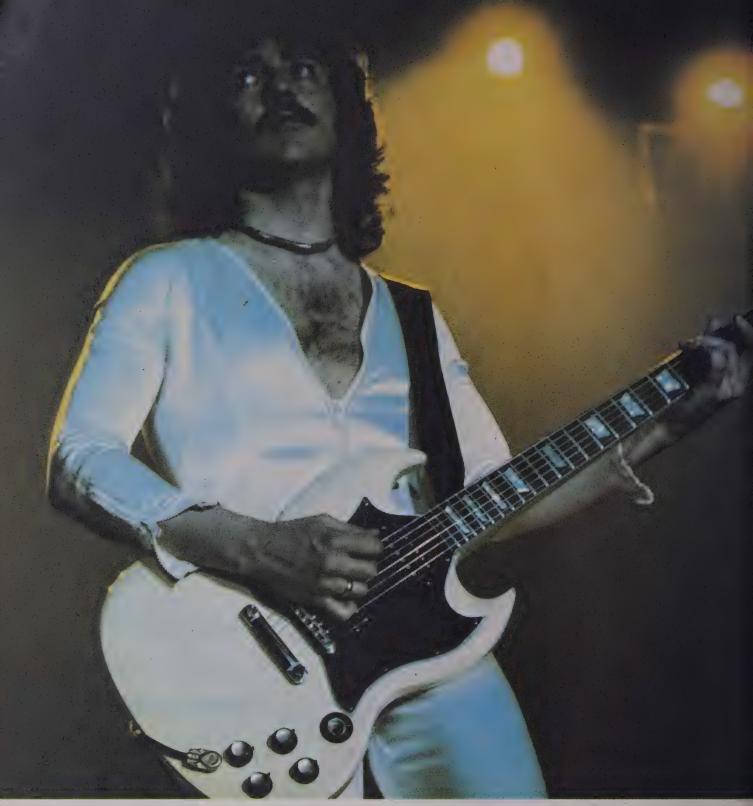
"Actually, what most of 'em probably wanted was somebody to shake their hand. You know, reaching up ... And the roadies would just shake everybody's hand, and that's how they cooled 'em off. It was funny." Sure enough, Albert had a pleased smile on his mug that belied mirth rather than anger or fear in the face of a

potentially murderous mobscene.

Said Eric Bloom of the Warren, Ohio show: "People get irate when they pay eight, ten dollars to see a concert, and a couple groups don't wanna play because the weather's a little bad or the people are a little rambunctious. I dunno, I can't blame J. Geils for not playing 'cause it was raining, and people were throwing things — and if people are throwing things, you really shouldn't play. It's not worth whatever money or whatever to get hit in the head with a bottle and get hurt."

"But nobody threw anything while we played," Eric said in his deliberate, unruffled speaking voice, "because it had stopped raining, and we were all set." He also told me they'd flown down the head of the laser company for the gig that night, to make sure it'd work. Seems the laser equipment functions properly 65% of the time, on an average. "Sometimes there's not enough power for them (the lasers) to run, and sometimes there's no water available for cooling them off (lasers must be cooled down while being run). The laser's a very sensitive instrument. Unless it's done right, it doesn't work."

That night in Atlanta Braves stadium—to an estimated crowd of 17,000—Blue Oyster Cult's fabulous laser show disappointingly failed to flicker more 'n' half scale. The concert was pretty miserable, in all—the long dull sky leased a pesky light rainfall onto the



proceedings just as the Cult came onstage (though it didn't shower during Johnny and Edgar Winter, whose act proceeded; and not for Kiss, the headlining act, who went on an hour - and - a - half after BOC), making the stage dangerously slippery and shorting out much lighting and sound equipment.

Despite adversity, the Blue Oyster Cult, real troopers and a "people's band" to the bone, returned onstage, with vehemence, after a 10-minute break for fixing equipment and a shoe change (Murray Krugman to the rescue!), whipping out seething versions of "Born to Be Wild" and "Summer of Love," bass and drum solos by the brothers Bouchard exceptionally vicious, with Eric, Allan and Buck Dharma slashing away in clenched teeth unison. To whistles and robust audience approval, the Cult returned for a raindrenched "Don't Fear the Reaper" encore.

Afterwards, in the dressing room, everybody was quite pissed off - too much of a replay of the previous night,

very raunchy and hazard - ridden, like the Ohio mini-riot. Allan Lanier alternated between levelheaded pique and blowing his stack, bitching off about the promoter's ineptitude, making the group undergo embarrassment that can't be compensated by cash. Allan doesn't favor playing to giganda crowds anyway though he also feels "there are some stars who can't play in anything but a large arena. Frampton or The Beatles. Be cheating the fans otherwise." Over his

(continued on page 60)

# KISS And The Future Of The Republic Thesis And Antithesis by Robert Duncan

There are two directions from which you can approach Kiss. #1) They stink. #2) They're the greatest.

If you haven't done so already, you can rest assured that in 1977 you, too, will have to deal with the future. And I'm not talking about Bruce Springsteen. I'm talking about Kiss.



The writing is on the wall, fella. Literally. In fact, I have never seen one item of graffiti get more wall space here in New York since the ubiquitous Taki 183 paved the way for this generation of spray paint muralists. KISS. It's all over walls and sidewalks and buses, trucks and subway cars. Leave your favorite large object stationary and unattended for five minutes on the streets of New York and you, as well, will be part of the fun. And it follows, always has, that's what's on the walls is what's in the hearts and minds of America. So platinum albums (KISS ALIVE!) aside, the biggest indication is that those ever-truthful walls are puckering up and now more than ever you are going to have to come to grips with the guys in white face. The Kiss army is marching to the sea. Have you got a plan of action?

Funny you should ask. Sure, I can help. Have a seat, and just hand over your undivided attention.

Now there are two directions from which you can approach Kiss: #1) They stink. #2) They're the greatest. Both arguments focus on the viability of both makeup and kick-ass rock 'n' roll (the latter has nothing to do with some of the songs on *Destroyer*, particularly "Beth," which, as has been privately admitted by one Kiss functionary, was an aberration in the hell - bent - for chrome - and leather career of this band; an aberration which is being rectified with the new

album, Rock And Roll Over, proclaimed — again by a Kiss functionary — as "a return to the sludge.")

If you want to take the position that Kiss stink, well, first of all, you're going to be on your own out there. Not many people who hold the same opinion are willing to cop to it. It's just too rough. Speaking from personal experience yes, once, before I was enlightened, I said "Kiss stinks!" — I wouldn't send a dog out there into the terrible wrath of the others who think Kiss are the greatest. (I wouldn't even send Charlie, my dog who pees all over the house and drives me crazy.) Like they write on walls they also write on paper, and they are capable of the most vicious and overwhelming barrage of paper this side of United Board and Carton. If the sheer volume of the mail doesn't turn you around, then they'll send your mother to Dubuque, Honolulu, and Katmandu — in separate containers. If that doesn't get you - actually, that doesn't sound all that bad, does it...? — then ... well, what does bring on your little private boogy men? Afraid of being buried alive? Scared that someday you might slip and fall onto the subway tracks at rush hour? Or, perhaps, do you worry about what they're really putting in your Chinese food? Relax. Don't worry. They will find out.

Nothin' scares ya, huh? You think Kiss stinks. Period. OK, now what you need is a cogent theory as to why they stink.

Kiss stink cause Halloween was last month and what kind of jerk is still wearing his costume — make that, always is wearing his costume. I mean, one of them looks like a goddamn flying lizard-bat or something and another looks like you should throw him some Nine Lives with liver. The other two just look like spaced-out candy - asses in drag with the upholstery from dad's Monza GT.

And their music (if you can call dinosaur farts music)??? If I want to blow my eardrums out I'll move to the airport. And if I want to have somebody tell me to sound - off - one - two, I'll check into the Marines — "Shout it out loud!," my elbow! And so on and so forth.

Now there you have yourself an argument to use.

On the other hand, if you, whether out of fear or genuine passion, prefer the position that Kiss is the greatest, we got something for you, too. (But first of all, congrats to those who choose this path: you have a much longer life ahead of you and your postman is sure of a much lighter load.) Your argument, explication, or whatever you want to call it is certainly as fulfilling and copiously illustrated as that of those others, who you will now refer to as your "enemies," among other more pungent epithets.

Kiss is the greatest because, above all, they care about their fans. They spend hours each day putting on their makeup and so risking their complexions in order

that you can see a show or a photograph unlike any other rock show or photo you've ever seen. They spend \$100,000 and more so that you can see fog and confetti and explosions and an entire drum kit rise into the sky, so that you can have a good time. How many times has Gene Simmons set his precious and diminishing hair on fire (by accident, of course) in order that you might have just one great night of rock 'n' roll? How many times has any one of the boys come within a millimeter of permanently losing his eyesight due to a flashpot — a flashpot that is there solely for your pleasure goes off prematurely next to his face? Inside the jacket to Kiss Alive! (the greatest rock album ever made, in case you want to know), these four very, very busy men have even taken the pains to write love letters to you in their own handwriting (so there's no mistaking they weren't written by some paid secretary who doesn't really care about you) so that you know they love you, too. And what other band, you tell me, on a crucial second album would bother to think of putting the titles and jacket copy in Japanese so our Oriental brethren don't get left out of the party? Kiss, that's who. Only Kiss. And that's just the beginning.

I haven't even mentioned their most important virtue. I'm talking about their music. In general terms, I can tell you unequivocably that Kiss Alive! is the greatest rock 'n' roll album ever made (with the possible exception of Kiss' new one, on which I have yet to form an opinion more specific than "great!"). To be more precise, "Rock And Roll All Nite" on that album is the greatest rock song ever recorded. It is an anthem and will certainly become the standard for rock to come. Melodically and rhythmically it is at once complex and catchy — no mean feat. Lyrically, in clear and direct language, it expresses the hopes and frustrations of a generation. "I want to rock and roll all night / And party every day," they say, and in our heart of hearts we all light up, admit it or not; "you're right!" our souls want to scream. And so on and so forth again.

And there, too, you have an argument that is plausible.

The point of all this? Well, sans doute, the musical, social, even political (Ford or Carter simply bore) controversy of the latter part of the '70s will be centered on Kiss. Their impact at this relatively early date has been remarkably heavy and widespread and their ascendance into the national consciousness, unparallelled for its rapidity. But what goes up must come down, as they are fond of saying, and right now it is coming down on you. The responsibility is yours in this national dialogue (war?) to decide where you stand. Is Kiss great? Do they stink? And the tangential inquiries: What did Paul Stanley have for breakfast? What part of Brooklyn is Peter Criss from? And is that his real name? Will they, should they, can they take off their makeup? Did, as has been suggested, they graft two inches of cow tongue onto Gene Simmons' own?



Kiss is the greatest because they care about their fans.

Does Ace Frehley keep pets? Are they housetrained?

There are no pat answers. As you dig, life doesn't get simpler, it gets more intricate — exponentially. Layer upon layer upon layer. Just as, if you pulled back Kiss' makeup you would probably find skin and if you pulled back the skin you would probably find veins and then the brain and, further, the cerebral cortex and on into the smallest DNA molecules, so if you dissect the Kiss question, you will find not answers, but more and increasingly grotesque questions. (Where

were you on the night of November 5? What kind of car were you driving? Did your father know you had it? Is that a mole on your leg or are centipedes exiting your pores, you nasty beggar?)

No, no answers. But I hope I have given you at least a modicum of assistance towards a stand. Because man must stand on something — in that way we distinguish ourselves from the animals. Me? I'm a reporter, like to think I'm a damn good one. I tell facts - straight. The ball's in your court now. I hope you can run with it.



# JEFFERSON STARSHIP'S SLICK and KANTNER Apart Together

# by Joseph Rose

At the beginning of the summer of 1976, it was not all sunny skies for Jefferson Starship. Sure, its latest album, "Spitfire," went right to the top of the charts and it had no trouble selling seats (unlike other big-name acts everyone can name). But there was that thing with Paul Kantner and Grace Slick, and nobody knew how long the two former roommates would be able to get along after a bitter breakup.

Yet somehow things always work out for this crazy band, and once again Starship steered away from the brink of disaster. By the end of the successful tour, Grace's new boyfriend, Skip Johnson, who had been in charge of the band's lighting but had been banished to avoid any uncomfortable confrontations, was back on the job. And Paul had found himself a new companion, too, who was joining him in acupuncture treatments and his other interests. Everything had gotten so mellow that Paul and Grace were even doing interviews together once again.

"It's nothing that really has to do with the band," Paul said back in San Francisco, "unless we get out of hand and can't handle it with each other. And we've been handling it so far. It'll probably be like it was when we were in the Airplane. I was in the band, Grace was in the band, and we liked each other and said hello and wrote songs with each other."

Of course, there's one other party in-



volved in all this, and that's China Wing Kantner, who's five - and - one - half now and has a songwriter credit on Paul's song, "Don't Let It Rain," on "Spitfire." Grace is famous for her salty language, so I asked her if she watched herself around

"I act pretty much the same way as I usually do," Grace said. "She's around rock and roll people all the time, so if I put on a show for her, it wouldn't make any difference. She hears the most incredible language all day long, so she'd pick it up anyway. And the way it's used is not mean. It doesn't make any difference to me what she hears."
What happens when she starts talking

that way in kindergarten and school?

"Oh, I imagine she already has. But she's (ahem) going to school in Marin County, and there's an awful lot of hippies or whatever you want to call them, rock and roll musicians, there, and I don't think anybody's particularly surprised by any of that language out of 5 - year - olds

over there.
"As long as she isn't malicious with anything, I don't really care how she talks. You got to learn how to use the English language as best you can so that you are able to use it well and beautifully. which is either writing or speaking. When you're speaking to somebody you want to be able to put the words in the correct place. I think she ought to know how to use all sides of the English language. I mean, you don't just go around talking like a truck driver and that's it. You got to know some other stuff as well.

I was just opening my mouth for the next question when Grace interrupted

"Wait a minute. I gotta stop one thing. The two nicest guys I've ever known and sweet and soft - are truck drivers. So I don't know where this thing comes from. My mother says that: 'You talk like a truck driver.' And I don't know what truck driver she meant, but the two best guys I've ever met, who are kind, do anything for you and they don't talk like that at all - the two guys are truck drivers, Carlos and Mike Fisher. And so I'm apologizing to all truck drivers, because it sure isn't my term."

How old is Starship officially now? I asked Paul.

"Well, we've had one album a year and 'Dragon Fly' was the first album. I used the name Jefferson Starship because I had written that thing, 'Blows Against the Empire,' for the Airplane. The Airplane was in the period of breaking up then and I had this big idea for a record and just used that title because it was about space. And later on we were looking for a name and, 'Hey, that's a pretty good name.'

"I think it's just starting to jell as a real band. Particularly now that we're all signed to RCA as a band, rather than it being Paul and Grace and they pay sidemen. When we broke up with Airplane, we still owed RCA a bunch of money and records, and so we paid them back with our individual records — and then we started Starship, with that. And 'e just got to a point now where we're finished with the Airplane contract. Actually, we had one more record, this last one, but we signed that onto the new contract. We renegotiated the deal so we had a good deal. RCA went for it."

Maybe that's the reason "Spitfire" shows the group playing so tightly

together.

"Well, we're all 59 years old," said Grace jokingly. "I mean, if you don't learn something after you've been in rock and roll for 12 years, you ought to be in another business. So if we do sound at all tight, it's only because of the years.

"I mean, there isn't any particular direction anybody's going in. Nor are we particularly directed. Each person who writes a song has pretty much the say as to how it goes. In other words, it's not like Frank Zappa will say, 'Here's how everything is gonna go.' There's no one person that does that."

What about all the songs where there are five or six collaborators listed

"That's real arbitrary," said Grace. "Like the song where China wrote the chorus. She didn't write it. She didn't come up and say here's a chorus for the song. It was her first sentence, which seemed to fit with whatever Paul was writing.

"And then somebody will say something, and he'll pull that out, or I will, or somebody will steal from somebody else, or somebody will play something in the studio: 'That's a good lick. Let's put it in there cause it's in A and the other thing's in A.' I mean, it's real arbitrary how that stuff gets put together. We don't all get in a room and say, 'Now let's write about a, uh, hawk. And here's how the song's gonna go. Now you write the first verse; you write the second.' It doesn't go like that. It's just all pulled out of the air."

Doesn't anybody ever say no or say that something's not a good idea and doesn't fit?

Oh yeah, the guys will do that," Grace said. "I rarely do it. But the guys will say, 'No, I don't like that part' or 'Yes' or 'How about this?' And since it is a sort of weird democracy, it takes us a little longer to get stuff done. Cause everybody's got to agree on it, rather than having a dictator, which is a lot faster ... and a lot less fun.

"So we'll keep it going slow, because everybody likes it better that way. Then everybody's got something to say about it. Except David Freiberg, who's so kind that he never says anything about anything. He'll do anything. 'David, would you mind jumping out the window there. It's only three floors.' 'Oh yeah, OK, you guys.' But he's the only one."

I had one last question for Paul: Who is the St. Charles of the title of perhaps the best song on "Spitfire."

"I'll never tell," he said. "That's your business to find out."

I didn't know of any St. Charles. "Then that's what you found out." Somebody said it's from Monopoly.

"Also there's a St. Charles Hotel right next to KSAN (a San Francisco radio station), where all great rock and roll love affairs go on. It's a vacuous mythological figure, perhaps, but it may signify several different things."

Was Paul implying that the whole album was full of hidden meaning and symbolism?

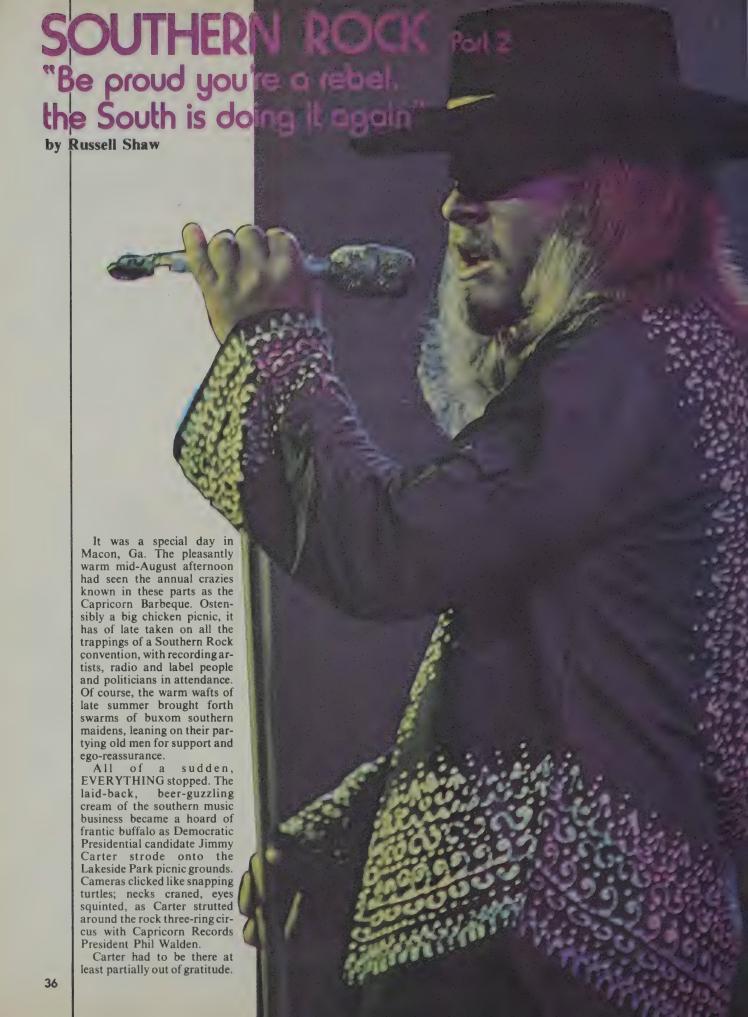
"I'm just writing about what's going on around me," Paul said. "A lot of it, like I said, has to do with the thing between me and Grace. She a little more blatantly than I. But it's there. 'Childhood's End' refers to that on another level than the title of Arthur C. Clarke's book. And ... 'Don't let it rain on me tonight. Please, baby, don't let it rain.

Even as Paul recited these lines from his song, the pain in the words was as intense as when they are sung. It's obvious that when he and Grace fell apart it was no smooth split. The way they are standing together apart in Jefferson Starship shows, if nothing else, how much some people will do for their music.







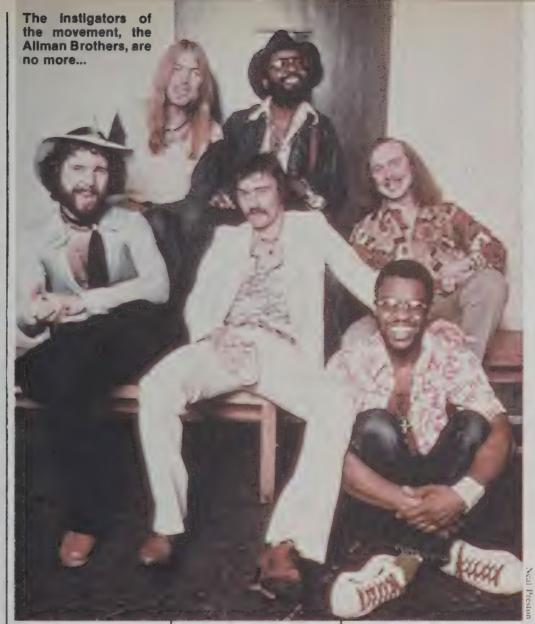


Walden's several name bands (Allmans, Marshall Tucker, Wet Willie, among others) had, by playing benefits for the once - obscure candidate. raised enough funds for the peanut farmer to win several early primaries and get the ball rolling towards eventual nomination. "Those early primary funds were won with rock money," confided a high Carter staffer.

The seal of approval from a major Presidential aspirant at last seemed to clinch in the minds of outsiders the importance of Southern rock as a musical AND cultural phenomenon. Many in the region feel this is long overdue; there exists an opinion that most Southern bands have had to struggle for esthetic acceptance even half of that of groups outside the area, such as the Grateful Dead or the Band.

Now, it is chic to be a redneck. Lynyrd Skynyrd is feted and courted on the Rock Music Awards. Editors and critics are slowly but surely getting away from the "well, we did a feature on ZZ Top last month, so we really don't want to do anything else on Southern music for awhile" mentality. It also relates to a personal level. At the annual iam at Macon's Uncle Sam nightclub the evening after the Capricorn Barbeque, this writer met two folks from Long Guyland, who in their words, "came down heah ta see what da Sout wuz all about. It's fah fuckin' out, man," said one of them, as Elvin Bishop (actually from San Francisco) and Richard Betts traded guitar licks on stage. "Wait till I tell all my friends in Roslyn (New York). I mean man, screw Kiss and all that shit, this is Southern music!" His old lady agreed.

The very fact that those people were able to overcome their anti - Southern bigotry (which is still a part of Northern American history courses) is a fact that barriers are breaking down. No longer is this music the exclusive product of Dixie frat dances, musty Alabama legion halls, and high school gyms, with occasional forays north of the Mason - Dixon. It is a vital part of the American music framework. Bands in Iowa yearn to play slide guitar like Betts, and Richard Philadelphia Yankees wave the Stars and Bars at Skynyrd gigs. Southern Rock is three former members of the



changing, expanding, spreading worldwide.

As the form moves out over the map, there are and have been some inevitable changes. First and foremost of course, is the fact that the instigators of the movement, the Allman Brothers, are no more. By now, you all know the sickening truth; but suffice it to say that Gregg Allman is more Hollywood than Macon. Forget the narc jokes; everyone in Macon and surrounding environs is sick of the shit that went down last summer, and as this is written the prevailing opinion of Mr. Allman seems to range from pity ("cat's so insecure," says former Allman's drummer Jaimoe) to muttered, growled expletives of unbridled hate.

Back to musical terms, the Allmans have been succeeded by Sea Level. Comprising ABB, this quartet is slowly but surely obtaining a clientele. Led by the brilliant keyboardist Chuck Leavell, the group's heavily percussive jazz-rock designs are perhaps closer to the fusion music of Chick Corea and Billy Cobham than to the simplified strains of Southern Boogie. Yet those listeners who were able to get off on the more sophisticated structures of the ABB - "Mountain Jam," "High Falls" and the like have readily accepted this new group with open arms.

Sea Level currently does only one old Allman's song in their set-the instrumental "Hotlanta." Yet Leavell recently confided that he did not see the song as a central part of their repertoire. "We only do it because we want to remind people what our roots are, and pretty soon, we'll likely drop

While the Allman Brothers Band fades into antiquity, the spearheads of Southern Rock are doubtlessly, in terms of popularity, Lynyrd Skynyrd and Marshall Tucker. The groups are quite different, yet have each garnered several gold, and in Skynyrd's case, platinum (million - selling) albums.

Skynyrd, who cut its teeth playing in several Atlanta rock clubs in the early 60s, boasts the South's most charismatic lead singer, the stalking, ever - present enigmatic Ronnie Van Zant. Also known for his propensity for fighting, Van Zant, although not the Mahatma Ghandi of the rock world, is in reality a Southern Gentleman. And what pray tell is this breed? They are polite to ladies, say "ma'am" a lot, but they ain't your pansy - assed wimp — because to cross them



means a knuckle sandwich. This pride has often been taken for empty - headed redneck rowdiness — but is a product of the essentially - masculine Southern male personality — an aggressive, ballsy pose, yet full of the necessary cultural demeanor.

It would be repetitive to list Skynyrd's many hits — yet when "Sweet Home Alabama" is played, the Confederate flag is unfurled. No, they aren't prejudiced — they probably hate Wallce more than you do. It's just affirmation of a regional identity, and Van Zant, with his stalking presence, sticking his microphone out at the crowd like a thrusting manly tool, reinforces the message.

But Marshall Tucker is much more sensous and gentle. Not that Toy Caldwell can't burn with the rest of them—a recent Guitar Player magazine cover attested to his rep among the fretboard fraternity. Yet through the use of the flute, they have added an airy, western mystique to a hard rock base. Often

overlooked in critiques, Jerry Eubanks' many woodwinds are present on most of the best Tucker classics. Toy Caldwell burns on his ace, Paul Riddle's cymbal riding "colors the mood" as he says, and Doug Grey's wide - ranging, twangy vocals always seem to concern a wayfarer, singing about either the triumphs or the disappointments of love. They are backed by George McKorkle on rhythm guitar and Tommy Caldwell on bass.

Marshall Tucker, hailing from Spartanburg, S.C. was discovered by its Capricorn brethren Wet Willie. Originally from Mobile Al., Wet willie is perhaps the hardest - driving of the Southern bands, the group that "boogie" could be used most accurately to describe. Sophistication is not one of its most commonly - ascribed virtues — but rhythm is — and lots of it. We're talking mostly here about the Jagger - like alto and stage strut of lead singer Jimmy Hall, who even looks like Mick. To that, he says, "Mick Jagger sings like he's from South Alabama. I AM from South Alabama."

Jimmy's backed by a quintet of charged-up musicians. Many observers feel that Rick Hirsch is one of the best electric guitarists in rock — not just Southern, but the whole damn crazy business. Jimmy's brother Jack plays bass, John Anthony and newcomer Mike Duke man the keyboards, and Lewis Ross mans the traps.

To date, however, Wet Willie has not had the mass acceptance that several of their brethren bands have. Many feel it is coming, however.

While Wet Willie seems to be best at integrating r&b with rock, Charlie Daniels' forte is a molding of country music with rock. Not too long ago, Charlie was a well - respected but somewhat anonymous Nashville sideman, who played on some drab sessions. "I was wanting to burst out," the portly dude from Mt. Juliet, Tn., says. He founded the Charlie Daniels' band in 1972, quickly had a hit called

"Uneasy Rider," and now is among the most vital rock acts in the South. His fandom cuts a wide swath. He's still able to guest appear on the Opry (playing old country tunes), or in a more get-down role, he heads up the Volunteer Jam in Mufrees boro (south of Nashville) every year.

The Volunteer Jam is one of Southern Rock's keynote events. It is simply a giant lick - trading session which attracts most of the region's luminaries each year. Attending in 1975 for example, were members of Marshall Tucker, the Allmans, Wet Willie, Grinderswitch, plus many others.

This, indeed, seems to be the keynote in inter-band relations; a willingness to jam; generally friendly relations with all involved. Most all the groups are really tight with each other. Paul Goddard, bass player of the Atlanta Rhythm Section and very possibly the best on his instrument in this area, described it thusly; "unlike some other bands we usually don't

let anyone jam with us, but we were doing a concert with Wet Willie and Jimmy Hall was there. He knew one of our songs, 'Boogie Smoogie,' and asked to jam with us, and we were happy to let him."

The Rhythm Section is somehow a bit different than most Southern bands — even to the point of refusing to be classified as such. "It's a geographical curse," Goddard says. Musically, they are cut from a different mold. Their lyrics are perhaps more allegory - filled and poetic than others, their tonalities a bit more harmonically sophisticated, yet those who critique the band, while admiring these undeniable virtues, point to a clinical approach and lack of stage presence as countermanding weak points. Still, the sextet is a strong group with many tasty sounds.

At the same time that the Tuckers, Willies, and Skynyrds pace the charts, there are mid-line acts that bear watching. The Outlaws, a bunch from Tampa, are building a devoted following. Grinderswitch, led by the South's best organist, Steve Miller, and one of the area's premier guitarists, Dru Lombar, is starting to earn a reputation nationwide. In addition, each city has a particular local favorite, with a solid base of popularity, who a year from now could rank up with the other there

The Rhythm Section is somehow a bit different than most Southern bands — even to the point of refusing to be classified as such.



luminaries.

Yes, Southern Rock is no longer an oblique, unknown intruder into the world of rock. The new year will see European jaunts for Atlanta

Rhythm Section and Marshall Tucker, more gold albums, more packed arenas nationwide, where the accents of the fans may be Northern, but the musicians are from Dixie

Charlie Daniels once said "be proud you're a rebel, cause the South's gonna do it again." Looks like he was right.□



He is ... grandly articulate, with great loosened arm sweeps, generous as a tame grizzly, nervous shiftings in his seat ... a man on the move sans doute. HOW I (FINALLY)
JOINED THE VELVET **UNDERGROUND** by Lester Bangs

It was easy. Cale likes to drink. So do I. We even share a passion for cognac with beer chasers, a guaranteed blackout of five or six hours at least. Especially if somebody else, usually record flack (not Roberta, she's too busy crusading for her People — thank God we ain't got no People — but maybe that was the Velvets' drawing power in the first place) is footing the bill. Lou likes scotch but won't admit it, wants the masses to think he's an amphetamine purist, so he can't be in the band. Only out - of - the - closet juicers allowed.

Which certainly admits Cale to the inner circle. He's got this hangout, McConnells Bar down on 16th St. Now don't all you nouveau hiplets read this and go trooping down there expecting to find exotic human palm fronds in varying states of bondage, because you'll waste your subway toll. This bar is boring, to anybody but John and a few old geezers who stop in now and then, and me, now that I've joined the band. It's drab but clean, long bar with a TV at window's end, stools, swept floor, that's about it. Solemn archetypal Irish bartender who pours your poisons without irony, old bums on the other stools. Everybody ignores the TV.

'Look at this," says John. He's holding a copy of the New York Daily News, fingers tracing a map on the back page which depicts a series of vaguely similar murders (young career girls) in New Jersey in the last three years or so. John is drunk. I am drunk. He points out

patterns, explaining that these murders only began since the FBI began to put personnel on airlines, and there's airports in all those murder - splattered Jersey burghs. A pattern, he sees. I bring the bottles lined along the bar into focus. "Looks like some city desk editor trying to drum up lurid copy to me," I say. "What's the connection between all these killings besides New Jersey?" He explains. 1 drink. The bartender ignores us, as do the other patrons, while the TV buzzes. John illustrates all his points, and even nigh comatose, he is grandly articulate, with great loosened arm sweeps, generous as a tame grizzly, and nervous shiftings in his seat, a man on the move sans doute. I have seen him sleep, but I have yet to see him rest.

For which I cheer him. Why should you rest when you've made three brilliant albums for a record company largely indifferent to U.S. promotion (and that subsequently will drop you); and you've got a band and an old lady that're lifeblood - stuck back cross the pond while you hang out in New York low on cash and love, illuminating Patti Smith's encores three nights at the Bottom Line; and tour after with brilliant burlesque encore "My Generation" grimacing in mock pain as you wrest that simplest of Entwistle solos from your axe and then hurl it into the maw of feedback for a fitting finale?

Patti's show is all edge, and John is perfect comic relief, and he knows it. That gaunt bony *Fear* visage has earned the

great American appendage: beer belly. Cool it do look, on John, not like that embarrassing flab on Lou circa '73, because for one thing John is very much alive. Alive enough to be mad, through all the booze, to live his frustration with the rarest charisma. He'll make it through and eventually prosper, because genius will out (ground rule), and if you think I love him you're right. Because he never knuckles under any setbacks, in fact lives in constant struggle both artistically and (I think) personally, which I have to see as both healthy and admirable. Someday the mass ear will catch on one of his hauntingly melodic episodes, and he'll be hailed the hero we always knew stood stalwart in his heart.

Meanwhile we're plopped on two stools at MacConnell's, knocking back the Courvoisier and beer Schaefer). I read John's *Daily News* article, but I'm dubious; I've seen too many journalistic tricks go down in my own rag.

"Okay," he says, pulling a topic he knows will grab my attention, "Listen, how about this: I'm writing a song about (President Idi) 'Big Daddy' Amin of Uganda!"

"Great!"

"Except I've altered it a little bit. Now he's simultaneously the Big Daddy from Cat on a Hot Tin Roof — two characters in one!"

"Even better!" My favorite tyrant and Burl Ives rolled into one ball of blustering fat — this man knows the keys



Why shouldn't you rest when you've made three brilliant albums?...



Alive enough to be mad, through all the booze, to live his frustrations with the rarest charisma.

to my dreams. Amin's been my main man on the international scene for the past few months, and the mythic mongo Cale's made his musical alter ego is one of Williams' most leeringly obscene creations. So I get more and more excited as John fills in more of the plot of his next ditty: "Maggie the cat is out on the hot tin roof, staggering around..."

"Right!" I say, fired by the spirit of the playlet. "She's out there, barefoot in the noon sun, hopping around hysterically on those burning metal coruscations!"

"Yeah!" John adds. "She's right on the edge of the roof, and there's a crowd below, yelling at her to jump!"

"Right!" I enthuse. "They're yelling, 'C'mon, hurry up, jump you bitch, my lunch hour is almost up and I ain't got all day!"

"Hmmm ... okay."

"And meanwhile she's dressed in nothing but a filmy scanty Frederick's of Hollywood nightie, just barely covers her bush and her tits falling out all over the place!"

"Right! And it was the family that put her like that!"

"Sure! Behind her, in the third - floor windows, stand her two no-good bastard brothers, who're egging her on too. Why? Because she's a hypochondriac and chronic suicide sally threatener, that's why! She's Judy Garland — no, cancel that. But she's fucked up. She's threatened to commit suicide so many times that they're sick of it, so today when she went out there, bolstered by downs and booze, THEY TOO said 'Go on, ya

bitch, like to see ya jump, betcha haven't got the nerve!' "

"Sounds good. But listen, two blocks away, there's this guy in a crane..."

"But where does Big Daddy come in?"
"Oh" — a sweep of arm that almost knocks my adam's apple across the pool table — "he's around."

"Yeah, but where does he figure in this by now thickening plot?"

John needs some time to think that one out, so he swings off his stool and lurches towards the john. Left to my own devices, I devise a hook for the two big daddies as suggestively cloned by John. Whirling like Pinocchio on the barge, I catch him returning from le pissoir. "Lissen," I beam, inspired and proud of it, "I got it! Big Daddy to the rescue!!! That's the hook!"

"Yeah?" He casts me a kind of eye that has practiced up for moments like this by reading Eric Ambler.

"Yeah! There she is, teetering toes on the brink of jump death, enduring snuffjeers from all sides at once, when suddenly down the boulevard and cutting his way through the middle of the fray longlegs BIG DADDY!"

"Of course."

"And as the crowd parts for him like the Red Sea for Moses, he spread out his globe - girdling arms of succor, a Savior, the Second Coming even! 'C'mon, behbuh," he croons, 'jes' jump rat on down inta these big lovin' arms, mah sweet sugor plumb! C'mon mama, don't be shy, Big Daddy take swellest care of you both here and in the sweet bye and bye!"

"Yeah," insists John, replanted on his stool and signalling the barkeep for another cognac and beer, "but lissen, this guy is essential to the plot, he's two blocks away, sitting in this crane..."

"Wait, wait," I hector him in a fever of inspiration, "I got it! The whole song! The entire plot! Poor girl's getting it from every direction, here's Big Daddy cooing her way, cajoling her to make the easy leap out through space into the mattresses of his biceps, her only salvation! The heat is on plenty! So of course she jumps, and Big Daddy catches her and saves her! But guess what happens then?"

"What?" John is eyeing me warily.
"Big Daddy is triumphal! He carries her home in his arms like a prince while the crowds throw roses on them and she showers his fat neck with kisses. He takes her back to his place, deposits her in his Hollywood bed, having saved her in spades so to speak ... and then he slits her throat!"

This seemed like a great plot for a song to me, I figured we had it sewn up, but John's not convinced. He wants to add more characters, and subplot, even. A classicist if ever there was one. "Yeah, but listen, there's this guy in the crane—"

"Ahh, screw the guy in the crane! Lissen, don't you see the moral, it's perfect: no matter what you do, YOU CANNOT ESCAPE FROM BIG DAD-DY. You can't even commit suicide, the most final form of existential refusal to participate in an oppressive social system, you can't even kill yourself because Big Daddy reserves even that privilege for himself! Not even your death is your own! You're the ultimate slave!"

By now I'm really hot. I'm on to something, or at least, after eight or nine cognac and beers, it fills the frame. A song, a real live song, by one of my heroes yet, and I, the rock critic, of all people, participated in its creation! Even supplied the hook, if I do say so myself! Neither Gerry Goffin nor the avant - garde got nothin' on me!

Cale, however, is not convinced. He eyes me blearily. A moment of patient silence. Then. "Listen. I'm telling ya. There's this guy, two blocks away, in a crane."

"No, no, forget the crane, it's making things too complicated."

"No," he stolids with the stoicism of a born Aristotle, "this is essential. It's one of those cranes used to tear down buildings, and there's this guy sitting in the cab."

the cab."
"Well, what's he doing, looking at Maggie on the roof in her nightie thru binoculars and jacking off?" I'm hoping to tie all this in somewhere.

John stares at a knot in the wood on the bar for 20, perhaps 30 seconds of epistemological mullings, then, decisively: "Right. But he gets too preoccupied, falls out of the cab, gets caught and crushed in the derrick..."

"He does?"

"Of course. Crushes him right into a bloody pulp."

"Why?"

"Why? Why not? This is my song, I can

do anything with it I want.'

I had to admit that that was true. although the territorial imperatives were twitching deep in my nostrils for a piece of this song. Who else is gonna let me cocompose with 'em? Dylan? Harry Chapin? Morton Subotnik? As for Patti we're peers; her own voice is too finely attuned to her songs for me to come good - footin in on her action. Besides, she's a poet and I'm a clown. Nobody who saw John Cale onstage with the Patti Smith band this year can doubt that, brilliant self - produced albums to the contrary, John Cale is a clown. So I figured this had to be a perfect meeting of the minds, down at McConnell's, where I didn't even bring my cassette recorder because John said he didn't want no profiles, he just wanted to get drunk. So here we were, drunk as roosters, tossing back and forth the raw components of what looked to me like a perfectly brilliant and metaphorically sound new song - 1 had figured out most of the plot, all John had to do was give out with some approximate verbiage and make ir rhyme. I was proud, I'm not ashamed to admit, and now he has to go and spring this bastard in the crane on me.

"Okay," I squint. "What plot function

does this creep serve?"

"Simple. He's in the crane. Watching her, if you want. Falls out. Gets crushed,

dies. That's the plot."

"Yeah, but why? Oh, wait a second, I get it - you're juxtaposing the two deaths. She dies sorta semipublic, in the malevolently enfolding arms of Big Daddy. Her death is an event even if nobody else knows about it, whereas this poor bastard in the crane is a nobody, nobody sees him snuffed, and his death is a nothing occurrence! I see the point you're making! Who cares whether you die in the arms of royalty or under the bridge at midnight, it's all the same, right?"

"No. The guy in the crane — well, he's

central."

"How so?"

"Well, first of all, there's a big crowd in front of the crane.'

"As big as the one looking up at

Maggie?"

"I haven't figured that out yet. But there's a hell of a lot of 'em. Now ... I'm thinking ... do you think it would be better to make it all guys watching Maggie and all women watching the crane guy, bull dykes waiting for a male sacrifice, or ... maybe we should reverse it, the dykes after Maggie, the guys watching the crane are a bunch of fags...?!

"I dunno, John, I'm gettin' a little con-

fused.'

"What the hell's the matter with ya, ya dunderhead, cancha keep up( Lissen, this guy just got crushed by a crane, in front of 500 cheering bull dykes...

"But why?"

"Because that's the way love goes. How should I know? That's just the way it's got to be, that's all.'

He turned, a shoulder that was asser-

tion's essence swerving diphthonged at the bartender, who'd been watching closely (though never listening. You think this guy needs to be bored stiff?) and snaps a couple more brew- and - brandies our way. I'm beginning to wonder who's going to pay for all this booze. I'm nursing even stronger doubts as to the fate of our, mine and John's history making cocomposited masterpiece. I don't like this crane at all, or the bull dykes, or any of it since John returned from pissing.

No song on any of his three Island solo albums has been more than five minutes long, and five minutes is too short a time for any subplot, much less one that cries out for rationalization the way this one does. I picture John writing "Sugar Sugar" — I know he can do it, because he already did, in "Cleo" on Vintage Violence—and I see him interpolating a menu verbatim from la coupole. Woozily I try to steer him back to the original deux ex machina we been dicking around: "But c'mon, John, this is gonna undercut Maggie!"

"So what?" Then he tells me it's not a song any more, it's a movie. "I've always wanted to move from music to writing and directing my own films ... this seems like a pretty good script to start with..."

"Yeah, but who's gonna put up the bread to back this flick?" I sputter in squirming desperation. Goodbye Maggie, goodbye Big Daddy, goodbye (even slim) royalty checks. Hello oblivion. Par. And boiled, too. He gives me a dirty look.

"I have friends. I'll find somebody. Wanna be in it?" Still magnanimous, even while changing horses in midstream.

"Well ... yeah, sure, I guess so."
"Good. You're in." He orders another round. I swallow my dreams of compositional glory. The subject drifts back to the murdered Jersey girls, as eventually we drift out the door and in the vague direction, footfalls beclouded, of the beautiful rent - controlled apartment where Jane Friedman lives and John crashes on the couch. Jane, with gentle patient smile, supplies more alcohol. John, at length, sleeps. Jane and I talk till dawn about the golden age of the Beatnik. She's beautiful, knows everything and everybody, but somehow all her rare volumes of marijuana - angel - of - death Bremseresque verse and lifetime's anecdotes don't sate my longing, for just once in my life, to belong to somebody's avantgarde.

I was too young in the 60s and the whole concept of avant - garde has in the 70s been rendered ludicrously passe, if not an outright null node. Meanwhile, John keeps making those masterful albums that nobody buys. And I'm losing sleep in frustrated contemplation of having come just that close, stultified in the knowlege that Maggie, Big Daddy and even that asshole in the crane are dissolving in the bubbles at the bottom of John's last glass of Schaefer's at McConnell's, which rates a song of its own and may well get one on future Cale waxing. Oh, well — maybe I can join the Heartbreakers.

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52/You Are The Woman 46/You Don't Have To Be A Star (To Be In My Show) 49/You Make Me Feel Like Dancing

## NIGHTS ARE FOREVER WITHOUT YOU

(As recorded by England Dan & John Ford Coley)

#### PARKER McGEE

Lying in bed with the radio on Moonlight falls like rain Soft summer nights thinking of you When will I see you again.

Soft and low the music moans I can't stop thinking 'bout you, thinkin' 'bout you.

I didn't know it would be so strong Waiting and wondering about you I didn't know it would last so long Nights are forever without you Nights are forever without you.

The curtains still dance with the radio

The sun'll be coming up soon
But I just can't sleep for thinking of you
Here alone with the moon.
(Repeat chorus)

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#### **ANYTHING YOU WANT**

(As recorded by John Valenti)

JOHN VALENTI
J. SPINAZOLA

Anything you want
Any time at all
I'm the one to call because I love you.

Every one pretends
Tells you they're your friend
But you know in the end I will come
through.

I can't believe I've fin'lly found a love that's real But I can sure feel it in my heart And I'm gonna do my best to keep it going strong How can I go wrong loving you?

Anything you want
Any time at all
I'm the one to call because I love you.

Any time you need me I'll be there to please ya And I won't ever leave ya because I love you.

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## BECAUSE I LOVE YOU,

(As recorded by Stylistics)

#### HUGO & LUIGI GEORGE DAVID WEISS

A rose in Harlem starts to bloom
The world is like a toy balloon
I hear a love song and I cry
And I know why
Because I love you, girl
Because I love you, girl
You know there's nothing in the world
that I wouldn't do
Nothing in the world that I wouldn't do
for you
Because I love you.

If you should ask me for the moon
Of course I'd show up with the moon
No matter what you ask I'll try
And you know why
Because I love you, girl
Because I love you, girl
You know there's nothing in the world
that I wouldn't do
Nothing in the world that I wouldn't do
for you
Because I love you.

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## DO YOU FEEL LIKE WE

(As recorded by Peter Frampton)

PETER FRAMPTON MICK GALLAGHER RICK WILLS JOHN SIOMOS

Woke up this morning with a wine glass in my hand Who's wine, what wine, where the hell did I dine Must have been a dream I don't believe where I've been

Come on let's do it again.

Do you, you, feel like I do Do you, you, feel like I do.

My friend got busted just the other day They said don't walk, don't walk, don't walk away

He drove into a taxi, bent the boot, hit the back

Had to play some music otherwise he'd crack.

Do you, you, feel like I do Do you, you, feel like I do.

Champagne for breakfast and a sherman in my hand
White top, white tails never fails
Must have been a dream I don't believe
where I've been
Come on let's do it again.

> Do you, you, feel like I do Do you, you, feel like I do.

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#### TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT (Gonna Be Alright)

(As recorded by Rod Stewart)

#### **ROD STEWART**

Stay away from my window
Stay away from my back door, too
Disconnect the telephone line
Relax, baby and draw that blind.

Kick off your shoes and sit right down And loosen up that pretty French gown Let me pour you a good long drink Ooh, baby don't you hesitate.

'Cause tonight's the night
It's gonna be all right
'Cause I love you girl
Ain't nobody gonna stop us now.

Come on angel, my heart's on fire Don't deny your man's desire You'd be a fool to stop this tide Spread your wings and let me come inside.

'Cause tonight's the night
It's gonna be all right
'Cause I love you girl
Ain't nobody gonna stop us now.

Don't say a word my virgin child Just let your inhibitions run wild The secret is about to unfold Upstairs before the night's too old.

'Cause tonight's the night
It's gonna be all right
'Cause I love you girl
Ain't nobody gonna stop us now.

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#### DO WHAT YOU WANT, BE WHAT YOU ARE

(As recorded by Daryl Hall & John Oates)

DARYL HALL JOHN OATES

Do what you want girl
Be what you are
There ain't no right or wrong way
Just play from the heart
It ain't a sign of weakness, girl
To give yourself away
Because the strong give up and move on
While the weak give up and stay.

So do what you wanna do, what you wanna do, what you wanna do, what you wanna do But be what you are, be what you are De what you wanna de, what you wanna de, what you wanna de But be what you are, be what you are.

Do you believe in hot cars, leather, bars
or movie stars
Is that what's real
Payin' dues, earth shoes, Chicago blues
Is that how you feel?
You can change but you can't conceal
What's deep inside you
It's your game, it's your deal.
(Repeat chorus)

So do what you wanna do, do what you wanna do

But be what you are, be what you are.

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#### YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR (To Be In My Show)

(As recorded by Marilyn McCoo & Billy

JAMES DEAN HOHN GLOVER JOHN GLOVER

You can come as you are with just your heart

And I'll take you in though you're rejected and hurt

To me you're worth girl what you have

Oh honey, boy I don't need no super star 'Cause I'll accept you as you are You won't be denied

Cause I'm satisfied with the love that you can inspire

You don't have to be a star baby to be in my show

Oh honey you don't have to be a star baby to be in my show.

Somebody nobody knows could steal the tune that you'll want to hear So stop your running around 'cause now

you've found what was cloudy is clear Oh honey there'll be no cheering from the clouds

Just two hearts beating out loud There'll be no parade, no tv or stage Only me 'till your dying day You don't have to be a star baby to be in my show

Oh honey you don't have to be a star baby to be in my show.

Don't think your star has to shine For me to find out where you're coming from

Oh honey, girl what is a beauty queen If it don't mean that I'm number one.

I don't need no super star 'Cause I'll accept you as you are You won't be denied 'Cause I'm satisfied with the love that you can inspire

You don't have to be a star baby to be in my show

Oh honey you don't have to be a star baby to be in my show.

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#### LET ME DOWN EASY

(As recorded by American Flyer)

ERIC KAZ CRAIG FULLER

Woman why must you leave me I don't want to be lonely no more Can't you see you take a piece of me Ev'ry time you go.

Lover let me down easy Won't you please let me down slow All your lovin' it's just like a cold, cold wind And it keeps on pullin', pullin' at my skin.

Woman why don't you come in You can leave in the mornin' Don't you know you're breakin' me slowly Ev'ry time you go.

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#### AN OLD-FASHIONED MAN (From The MGM Motion Picture - "Norman ... Is

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson)

That You?")

#### RON MILLER WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN

Lost on the road of life One little funny man we forgot about Wearing the load of life trying to understand things he's not about How can he believe today He was never shown the way He's just an old-fashioned man livin' in a brand new world.

Was anything ever real Things he believed so much just don't seem to be

He isn't out of feel He's only out of touch with reality And lost in time in a place we left behind

He'll never grow again He just wants to know if anybody really needs an old-fashioned man livin' in a brand new world.

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#### FINGER FEVER

(As recorded by Dramatics)

#### TONY HESTER

I want so much to touch those feelings
deep inside you girl
I want to love you and love you until I've
satisfied you girl
Can't keep my hands off you
I want to kiss you again and again
I can't help myself
'Cause I got you under my skin
I got finger fever
I got finger fever, finger fever
Finger fever, finger fever.

I want to stroke and stroke my fingers
through your hair girl
I want to squeeze you, squeeze you kiss
you ev'rywhere girl
Can't keep my hands off you
I want to touch your beautiful skin
I can't help myself
I got to do it to you again
I got finger fever
I got finger fever, finger
fever
Finger fever, finger fever.

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## LIVING TOGETHER (In Sin)

(As recorded by Whispers)

#### VAN McCOY

Your folks and mine want to disown us We're two sinners they say They don't approve of how we're living Though we're happy this way They say we're living together in sin 'Cause we're not married Living together in sin But both of us are grown And life is ours to choose To each his own We're in love. None of our friends ever invite us and they don't come around But that's all right, we've got each other The world may put us down And say we're living together in sin 'Cause we're not married Living together in sin But both of us are grown And life is ours to choose To each his own

They say we're living together in sin 'Cause we're not married Living together in sin They say we're living together in sin.

We're in love.

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## DON'T MAKE ME WAIT TOO LONG

(As recorded by Barry White)

#### BARRY WHITE

Baby, it's really amazing what I go thru without you You know, sometimes I find myself counting, counting the hours The minutes, the seconds, the moments.

Darling please don't make me wait too long I wanna love you, babe Can't you see it's only you I want and you I need Please, don't make me wait too long I wanna love you babe Can't you see it's only you I want and

When I'm away from you seems like forever yeah Girl if you only knew what I go through

you I need.

without you
But knowing in a memorit in, I'll see

your face and see your smile
I turn the key
Open up the door
Girl, there you are I can't take much
more.

You're in my arms again
And heaven is waiting
Ah one more kiss and then
And I'll begin, I'll be making, making
you feel inside
Everything that's so satisfying
No fears tonight, and no phone calls
You got what I want
And I want it all.
(Repeat chorus)

Baby, I swear that I, I really can't take much more of this Can't take much more of this Give it up, babe Oh, no, give it up What do I have to do to make you, to make you.

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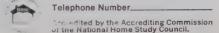
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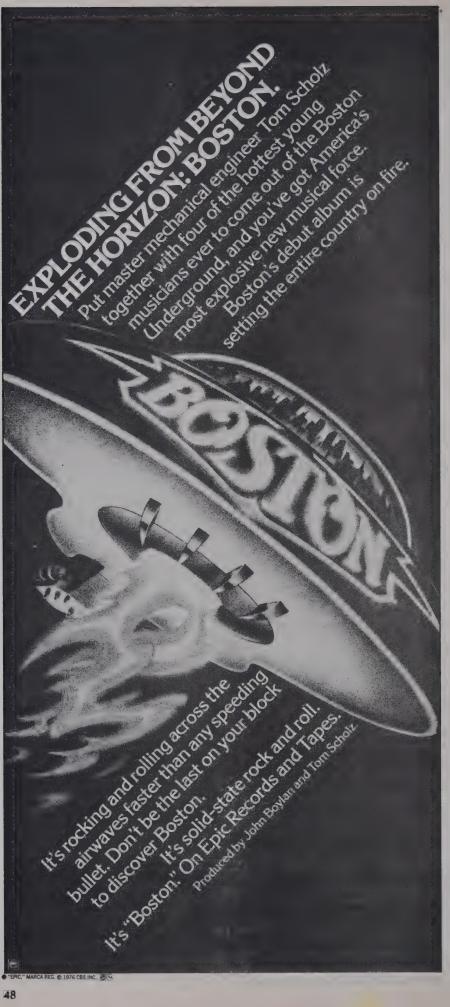
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#### WHO ARE YOU (And What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life?)

(As recorded by The Temptations)

**DAVID ENGLISH** GLENN LEONARD **OTIS WILLIAMS** BENJAMIN WRIGHT RICHARD STREET

Where did you come from with those eyes that shine so bright

Skin so smooth as porcelain shinin' in the night

Who are you with your hair that flows like a soft summer breeze

Wherever you came from you got just what I need

Tell me, tell me, tell me who, who are

Tell me what are you doin' for the rest of your life

You're the one that I need girl now You've got the love that I need Who, who are you

Tell me what are you doin' for the rest of your life.

I'm so glad that your path happened to cross my way yeah

Ever since I woke up felt like this must be my day

Some people go more than a life time and never know what love's about oh baby

That will never be said about me 'cause I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready (to find out)

Who, who are you Tell me what are you doin' for the rest of your life.

Oh who, who, who, who are you Tell me what are you doin' for the rest of your life

Oh who, who are you Tell me what are you doin' for the rest of your life oh.

I can't stand bein' all alone You're my chosen one Can't you see what you've done You've got my heart on the run for you baby

Can't you see, you can put your trust in

I know in times like these you'll find that hard to believe.

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#### LIVIN' THING

(As recorded by Electric Light Orchestra)

JEFF LYNNE

Sailin' away on the crest of a wave
It's like magic
Oh rollin' and ridin' and slippin' and
slidin'
It's magic
And you and your sweet desire

It's a livin' thing
It's a terrible thing to lose
It's a given thing
What a terrible thing to lose.

You took me oh higher and higher baby.

Makin' believe this is what you conceived from your worst day
Oh moving in line then you look back in time to your first day
And you and your sweet desire
You took me oh higher and higher baby.

Takin' a dive 'cause you can't halt the slide

Floating downstream
So let her go, don't start spoiling the
show
It's a bad dream

And you and your sweet desire You took me oh higher and higher baby.

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#### YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING

(As recorded by Leo Sayer)

LEO SAYER VINI PONCIA

You got a cute way of talkin'
You got the better of me
Just snap your fingers and I'm walkin'
Like a dog hangin' on yur leash
I'm in a spin you know
Shakin' on a string you know.

You make me feel like dancin'
You make me feel like dancin'
You make me feel like dancin'
I feel like dancin', dancin', dance the
night away
I feel like dancin', dancin' ahhh.

Quarter to four in the mornin'
Ain't feelin' tired no no no
Just hold me tight and leave on the light
Cuz I don't wanna go home (home)
You put a spell on me
I'm right where you want me to be.
(Repeat chorus)

You really slipped me a potion
I can't get off of the floor
All this perpetual motion
You gotta give me some more
And if you let me stay
We'll dance our lives away.
(Repeat chorus)

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#### **ENJOY YOURSELF**

(As recorded by The Jacksons)

K. GAMBLE

Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself Enjoy yourself with me Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself Enjoy yourself with me Better enjoy yourself Better enjoy yourself.

You sittin' over there starin' in space awhile people are dancin', dancin' all over the place But you shouldn't worry about things that cha can't control A-come on girl while the night is young Why don't cha let, let yourself go woo. (Repeat chorus)

Let's have some fun
Let's have a good time you an' me
Sittin' there wit-cha mouth poked out
Just as sweet as you can be

Why don't-cha live, live the life you got Come on girl let's git it while the music's runnin' hot woo.

(Repeat chorus)

Pretty girl I been watching you I can wipe away that frown Ah you an' I should git together We could tear the house down We could tear the house down We could tear the whole house down woo:

(Repeat chorus)

Enjoy yourself Git down, git down Enjoy yourself.

Come on, come on, come on (Come on, come on, come on You can do it, you can do it, you can do it) Woo.

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#### HAPPY BEING LONELY

(As recorded by Chi-Lites)

KEN HIRSCH KATHY WAKEFIELD

Feelin' down in a devil mood It just seems somehow nothin' turned out good Had my place all clean

Took the memories from my life And rearranged my things down to every fork and knife

And then you turned the corner of my street yesterday Smiled at me and had some sweet

things to say

I thought that my heart was cold and I liked it that way

I was happy being lonely Don't know how oh but I was happy being lonely Until now.

Used to be I'd set my alarm read and go to sleep

Not need someone's arms Now I think of you makin' love to me thru the night

I take a pill or two but I don't even close my eyes

Smiled at me and had some sweet things to say

I thought I had buried all of those feelings away

I was happy being lonely Don't know how oh but I was happy being lonely Until now.

Because you turned the corner of my street yesterday

You turned the corner of my street yesterday

Smiled at me and had some sweet things to say

I thought that my heart was cold and I liked it that way

I was happy being lonely Don't know how oh but I was happy being lonely Until now oh.

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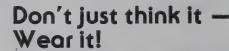
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#### I CAN'T LIVE A DREAM

(As recorded by Osmonds)

#### ARNOLD CAPITANELLI

The day that you moved away life was so empty All I had left was your mem'ry

Living it seems what was left was the

A dream of the way it used to be
But I can't live a dream any more
Than I could live forever any more
Than I could climb a mountain to the

I can't live a dream any more than I could move a mountain any more than I

could live my life without you.

All of the things I've done leaving me lonely

All of the nights of missin' you only I spend my time with one thing on my mind

Just closing my eyes dreaming of you But I can't live a dream any more Than I could live forever any more Than I could climb a mountain to the

I can't live a dream any more than I could move a mountain any more than I could live my life without you.

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#### CALIFORNIA DAY

(As recorded by Starland Vocal Band)

#### BILL DANOFF

To be blessed with forgetfulness
Oh yes
To be glad to be alive
Like a bee out of the hive
I don't know how I have survived
But here I am, here I am
Blown away and gone again.

And it's a California day
California weather
Take the clouds away
I'll feel a whole lot better
California day.

There's nothing like the sunshine
To get me out of doors
And I'd paddle you in my canoe

If I could find some oars Goodbye big time, hello wind chimes Yea esprit de corps.

> It's a California day California weather Take the clouds away I'll feel a whole lot better California day.

I ran into an old dream
I remember well
It used to be a daydream
Now it's beginning to feel so real.

To be blessed with forgetfulness
Oh yeah
To be glad to be alive
Like a bee out of the hive
I don't know how I have survived
But here I am, here I am
Blown away and gone again.

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#### ON AND OFF

(As recorded by David Ruffin)

#### VAN McCOY

You turn your love on and off, off and on
You change your love any time you
want to a ooh coh
From day to day you keep me guessin'
whether you're mine ooh baby
Sometimes I think you are
Sometimes you show no sign ooh baby
You're like the weather and it blows my
mind
'Cause you turn your love on and off, off
and on
You change your love any time you

want to a ooh ooh

Sometimes your love burns like a fire too hat to hald ooh baby And sometimes you freeze up like an iceberg that chills my soul ooh baby You're like a faucet running hot and cold

And you turn your love on and off, off and on

You change your love any time you want to a ooh ooh

On and off, off and on You change your love any time you want to a ooh ooh la da da da da ooh

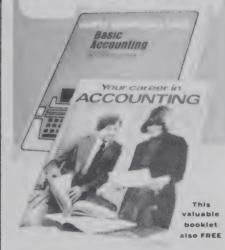
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#### DON'T THINK ... FEEL

(As recorded by Neil Diamond)

#### **NEIL DIAMOND**

Sleepy old sun, sleepy old day
Sleepy old tree gonna make me some
shade
Sleepy old time on my side of town
I'm feelin' fine
I'll explain to you now.

Don't think feel
Ain't no big deal
Just make it real and don't think feel
It don't take plans to clap your hands
When it feels nice just don't think twice.

Some worry all day 'bout who they can trust Some worry all night 'bout money and lust

Worry they do and worried they die

And after they're gone just the bankers cry.

Don't think feel
Ain't no big deal
Just make it real and don't think feel
It don't take plans to clap your hands
When it feels nice just don't think twice.

Life is a card You take what you get You do what you can to feel no regret You do what you can forget about words

Just go with the feelin' it usually works.

Don't think feel
Ain't no big deal
Just make it real and don't think feelIt don't take plans to clap your hands
When it feels nice just don't think twice.

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#### YOU ARE THE WOMAN

(As recorded by Firefall)

#### RICK ROBERTS

You are the woman that I've always dreamed of
I knew it from the start
I saw your face and that's the last I've seen of my heart.

It's not so much the things you say to me It's not the things you do It's how I feel each time you're close to me That keeps me close to you whoa.

It's hard to tell you all the love I'm
feelin'
That's just not my style
You've got a way to set my senses
reelin'
Ev'ry time you smile whoa.

It's not so much your pretty face I see
It's not the clothes you wear
It's more that special way you look at
me
That always keeps me here.

Oh my heart, oh of my heart.

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#### MUSKRAT LOVE

(As recorded by Captain & Tennille)

#### WILLIS ALAN RAMSEY

Muskrat, muskrat candle light
Doin' the town and doin' it right in the
evenin'
It's pretty pleasin'
Muskrat Susie, Muskrat Sam

Muskrat Susie, Muskrat Sam

Do the jitterbug out in muskrat land

And they shimmy, and Sammy's so

skinny.

And they whirled and they twirled and they tangoed
Singin' and jingin' the jango
Floatin' like the heavens above
It looks like muskrat love.

Nibbling on bacon, chewin' on cheese Sam says to Susie, "Honey, would you please be my missus?"

Susie says yes with her kisses
Now he's ticklin' her fancy, rubbin' her

Muzzle to muzzle, now, anything goes As they wriggle, and Sue starts to giggle.

And they whirled and they twirled and they tangoed Singin' and jingin' the jango Floatin' like the heavens above It looks like muskrat love.

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#### **GROOVY PEOPLE**

(As recorded by Lou Rawls)

K. GAMBLE LHUEE

Groovy people I like to be around groovy, groovy people.

I don't like nobody that's got an ego I don't like to sit around an' hold a conversation

With somebody who don't know where he wants to be

Give me the simple life full of fun an'

Can't you see I'm just a big ol' country bov.

And I like groovy people I'm talkin' 'bout groovy, down-home people.

I don't like nobody that's got an attitude Walkin' 'round with their nose in the air Them kind-a people I just can't use I like to be relaxed with my mind at

The best things in life is all I want for me

So give me some groovy people I said groovy, groovy people Talkin' 'bout groovy, groovy, groovy, groovy people.

Now baby oh darling we don't have to put up with them jive-time folks no more !

Let's pretend that we're not at home when they come knocking, knocking on our door.

I don't like nosey people gittin' in my bizness an' things I done been through all of that baby And I know the bad feelings that it

brings.

So give me groovy people I like to be around groovy, groovy people

Talkin' 'bout groovy, groovy, groovy, groovy people.

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#### THAT'LL BE THE DAY

(As recorded by Linda Ronstadt)

NORMAN PETTY **BUDDY HOLLY** JOE ALLISON

Well, you give me all your lovin' and your turtle dovin'

All your hugs an' kisses an' your money too

Well, you know you love me, baby Until you tell me, maybe, that some day, well, I'll be through.

Well, that'll be the day, when you say goodbye

Yes, that'll be the day when you make me cry

Ah, you say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie 'Cause that'll be the day when I die.

Well when Cupid shot his dart He shot it at your heart So if we ever part and I leave you You say you told me an' you told me boldly

That some day, well, I'll be through.

(Repeat chorus)

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#### THIS ONE'S FOR YOU

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

BARRY MANILOW MARTY PANZER

This one'll never sell, they'll never understand I don't even sing it well, I try, but I just

can't But I sing it ev'ry night and I fight to

keep it in 'Cause this one's for you This one's for you.

I've done a hundred songs, from fantasies to lies

But this one's so real for me that I'm the one who cries

But I sing it ev'ry night and I fight to hide the tears 'Cause this one's for you.

This one's for you wherever you are To say that nothing's been the same since we've been apart

This one's for all the love we once knew Like everything else I have This one's for you oh.

I've got it all, it seems, for all it means to

But I sing of things I miss and things that used to be

And I wonder ev'ry night if you might just miss me too And I sing for you I sing for you.

This one's for you wherever I go To say the things I should have said, things that you should know This one's to say that all I can do is hope that you will hear me sing 'Cause this one's for you oh This one's for you wherever you are To say that nothing's been the same since we've been apart oh.

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#### JUMP (From the Warner Bros. Film, "Sparkle")

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin)

#### **CURTIS MAYFIELD**

Jump, jump, jump Jump, jump, jump jump. Boy don't get shaky Don't be mad and get flaky

'Cause this dance you don't know Let mama show you how it goes Spread your feet out

Move your hands all about Bend over red rover

We're gonna turn the place out And now you jump We're gonna shake a little funk

You're doin' fine And now you're right on time have a ball

> I hope my mama don't call Know the rules

We're gonna keep it in the groove.

You're all for me 'cause you're movin' just to set me free

I just love the way you party hard Don't know nothin' to tear us apart Tell you now I din't too proud to beg Hope my partner loves to shake a leg

Just one thing I need to know If you love me please just tell me so.

And now you jump We're gonna shake a little funk. You're doin' fine

And now you're right on time have a ball

> I hope my mama don't call Know the rules

We're gonna keep it in the groove And now you keep it in the groove.

Jump, jump, jump You jump, jump, jump, jump Jump, jump, jump, jump Jump, jump, jump, jump.

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#### KEEP ME CRYIN'

(As recorded by Al Green)

AL GREEN WILLIE MITCHELL

Keep me crying all the time. Keep me crying all the time.

Well I tried to play my music But my music was too loud Well I pleased all the people But I couldn't please the crowd And I dropped down on my knees and

Hey mama won't you clear my head Don't you know they keep me crying all

They keep me crying all the time They keep me moaning all the time They keep me burning all the time.

Well I tried to run my business But they said I can't Just keep it to myself Not bothering any man Just as sure as I try 'Cause the tears in my eye.

Don't you know they keep me crying all the time They keep me crying all the time.

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#### I KINDA MISS YOU

(As recorded by Manhattans)

#### WINFRED LOVETT

Dirty dishes in the sink Lots of time for me to think Didn't think, didn't think I'd lose a tear It's been a week but oh it seems like a

This house is not the same Since you've been gone I never thought you'd stay so long You haven't written You never, never call I hope you're okay.

But baby oh I kinda miss you I miss you

Heard a noise was someone else Walked the dog all by myself I go to bed, I go to bed but I can't sleep I'm so depressed.

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#### PLAY THAT **FUNKY** MUSIC

(As recorded by Wild Cherry)

R. PARISSI

Once I was a boogie singer Playing in a rock and roll band i never had no problems yeah Burnin' down the one night stands Then ev'rything around me Got to start to feelin' so low And I decided quickly to disco down and check out the show.

Yeah, they were dancin' and singin' and movin' to the groovin' And just then it hit me Somebody turned around and shouted Play that funky music, white boy Play that funky music right Play that funky music, white boy Lay down the boogie and play that funky music till you die.

I tried to understand this I thought that they were out of their minds How could I be so foolish To not see I was the one behind

So still I kept on fightin' Losing ev'ry step of the way I said, "I must go back there And check and see if things were the same."

(Repeat chorus)

At first it wasn't easy Changing rock and rolling minds Things started getting shaky I thought I'd have to leave it behind But now it's so much better I'm funkin' out in every way But I'll never lose that feelin' of how I learned my lesson that day.

They shouted play that funky music, white boy Play that funky music right Play that funky music, white boy Lay down the boogie and play that funky music till you die.

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#### MESSAGE OUR MUSIC

(As recorded by O'Jays)

K. GAMBLE L. HUFF

We got a message in our music We got a message in our music There's a message in our song So hum along sing the song.

Open your ears an' lissen here Cuz we gonna talk about all the things that's been goin' down, goin' down, goin' down

Get your information from this means of communication

Cause we got it, we got it, we got it A message in our music We got a message in our music

There's a message in our song So understand while you dance.

Cuz we gonna talk about the situation of our nation, nation, nation Try make you see things aren't like they're supposed to be We got it, we got it, we got it A message in our music We got a message in our music There's a message in our song.

We wanna look groun' at our neighborhoods, neighborhoods. neighborhoods Get your information from this means of

communication. Message in our music

Clap your hands, clap your hands Message in our music.

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#### **FERNANDO**

(As recorded by Abba)

BENNY ANDERSSON STIG ANDERSON BJORN ULVAEUS

Can you hear the drums Fernando? I remember long ago another starry night like this

Can you hear the drums Fernando? remember long ago another starry night like this In the firelight Fernando You were humming to yourself and softly strumming your guitar could hear the distant drums and sounds of bugle calls were coming from the far.

They were closer now Fernando Every hour, every minute seemed to last eternally I was so afraid Fernando We were young and full of life and none of us prepared to die And I'm not ashamed to say the roar of guns and cannons almost made me cry.

Now we're old and grey Fernando And since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand Can you hear the drums Fernando?

Do you still recall the frightful night we crossed the Rio Grande? I can see it in your eyes how proud you were to fight for freedom in this land.

There was something in the air that night

The stars were bright, Fernando They were shining there for you and me, for liberty, Fernando

Though we never thought that we could lose

There's no regret If I had to do the same again, I would my friend, Fernando If I had to do the same again, I would my friend, Fernando.

There was something in the air that The stars were bright, Fernando They were shining there for you and me, for liberty, Fernando Though we never thought that we could

There's no regret If I had to do the same again, I would my friend, Fernando If I had to do the same again, I would my friend, Fernando.

lose

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#### I GOT TO KNOW

(As recorded by Starbuck)

#### **BRUCE BLACKMAN**

I helped you with your problems You ought to help me with mine Oh I got to know, I got to know Just gimme some kind of sign You wanna be a lady scholar You ought to know what to say Oh I got to know, I got to know We can't go on this way

Any major fool down on Forty-Second Street

Would tell you that's no way to beat the heat

You're a little younger maybe I'm a little old

I never said it but I need to be told Oh I got to know, I got to know, I got to Oh I got to know, I got to know, I got to know Oh I got to know, I got to know, I got to

know.

You communicate with silence, you expect me to understand Oh I got to know, I got to know You can make me a happy man While I'm waitin' for your answer I'm sleepin' in my shoes Oh I got to know, I got to know 'Cause I wanna go spread the news.

So if you think you need me just give me a little call

Oh I got to know, I got to know What's on your mind, what's on it But I'm tired of all this waitin' You sweet talk me to death Oh I got to know, I got to know But I better not hold my breath.

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#### **BLUE OYSTER CULT**

(continued from page 28)

fourth Heineken, Allan grumbled, "I'm overly emotional about this, but it means a lot."

Albert Bouchard also offered a heated explanation as to why the gig fizzled out that night: "Greed. And pride. We wanted to blow Kiss offstage. We had to go on. No questions."

\*\*\*\*

## PART II CHANGE OF PACE — UPSTATE N.Y.

Albany, N.Y., a half-month later. Blue Oyster Cult, headlining at the Palace Theater (Tommy Bolin & band on the cobill), emerge victorious from two gigs! The second night, a stunning coup de grace to any actively touring '70s' rock group

Opening with the Wagnerian raucousness of "Das Rheingold," the Cult pummeled through "Stairway to the Stars" to an encore of "Don't Fear the Reaper" an hour - and - a - half later. And in - between, during the set — such dedication, enjoyment, heavy 'n' harmonic interludes, ebullience galore! The Albany crowds raved on, all 2,800 of 'em both nights, full houses! — the rock 'n' roll spirit thrilling feet and hands to fury, a combustion of response climaxing toward the finale.

Tantalizing with speck-like refractions of laser light beaming off a mirrored globe suspended dead center of the auditorium lime - green laser spots pierced the smoky dimness everywhere. Then, into my favorite pre - "Agents" number, "ME-262," an up-tempo Rockettes - danceable (high kicks!) devastator that relates the tale of an imperiled WWII flying ace, whose mission is to destroy 25 British war planes sublimely described thus: "They hung there dependent from the sky/Like some heavy metal fruit..."

By this time, I'm panting, sweating, and shaking to the music down the middle aisle, sitting only to jot down song titles and impressions. Eric Bloom executes a superbly effective stage rap on "Dominance and Submission," where he waxes political about the price of marijuana, drug laws, election year, the government ripping people off - "just a little Dominance and Submission, that's all." I've rarely witnessed audiences so sorethroatedly and fistshakingly enthralled as when Eric finished "Dominance and Submission" those nights.

Then, the ultimate. On "Buck's Boogie," after D.B.D. Roeser renders seven minute's worth of stinging lead guitar riffing, Albert takes over, givin' his all on that massive clear lucite drum kit, into MORE LASER ACTION! THIS TIME, A WIDE BEAM OF EERIE GREENISH LIGHT swathing through dry ice smoke, in a penumbra — moving lower, flatter, thinner, wider; changing shapes from flat, to cylindrical to pyramidal — all in time to the demonic echoplexed thrashings of Albert Bouchard. For five or 10 laserized

minutes, this awesome distorto - dimensional lightshow. Everybody stood in wonderment as the laser beam shuddered, hovered, juggernauted over them ... a 3-D beam sucking up the crowd, stroking 'em wild ... lotsa clenched upraised fists, intensity of feeling—

#### MORE POWER TO THE CULT!

As if the pitch of action weren't blazing enough, BOC blam into "Summer of Love" — another rhapsodic five-minute dance — leading into Joe Bouchard's bedrock bass solo. Then for the Cult's famed fugue guitars — five axemen in formation lending turbojet thrust to the heavy rock clincher of 'em all, "Born to Be Wild."

\*\*\*\*

The spirit of rock 'n' roll. Friend of mine who knows the Cult really well told me when on the road with the guys to keep my eye on Allan: "That boy's the spirit of rock 'n' roll — next to Keith Richards."

Well, naturally, I had my reservations, skeptical from having been fed raving lines before by fiery proselytes in all walks of life. So much modern rock 'n' roll seems pathetically jaded these days, anyway - why should I believe otherwise, particularly about a band that's been working together since the tailend of the Love decade? Even if the Blue Oyster Cult's music contains more pith 'n' vinegar content - wise, blood and bullets in the armoured glove, 'heaviness' down to their very logo ("an ancient Greek symbol for chaos," said Eric Bloom of the inverted question mark cross - which also happens to be an esoteric symbol for Saturn, malefic planet, Cronos in mythology, the Titan god who consumed his offspring, the Grim Reaper, the somber planet whose element is lead, the truest heavy metal!), it still seemed kinda improbable they could convey that raw, droll, mercurial spirit of R&R.

Hard to sway at first, how rapidly I realized he was right! At the hotel in Albany overnight, I had more exhaustive fun than a week's worth of peak nights at my favorite host's! Late night pool games, Allan Lanier and the grizzled E Factor (roadie) shooting for high stakes ... A buncha curious 15 - year - old girls quietly taking in the antics of Tequila guzzling BOC folk like Rick Downey (road crew) and Mr. Lanier, still clad in the tight black leather pants he performed in hours before ... Rick and Allan polishing off almost an entire fifth of Jose Cuervo tequila, wanting to go out to eat at 3 a.m., though nobody had the foggiest notion where or how ... Allan taking an inebriated dip in the pool, causing the hotel manager to storm out for the fourth time, telling us, "sorry, you're going to have to go to your rooms now.

Then, Allan pulled his "premier" (favorite Lanier expression) stunt for the evening: climbing the wall under the room where D.B.D. Roeser and his wife were staying (she leaned out the window and called out, starting conversation — Mr. Lanier doesn't make a habit of wak-

ing people at such an indecent hour), Allan pulled himself up to their windowsill; said he'll bring them back something from the diner. He takes their order, Donald joins Sandy at the window, smiling, and Allan falls backwards, to the shrubbery below (ooch!). Writhing and moaning, he recited an exaggerated "Juliet, O Juliet" monologue — to the hysterical, choked guffaws of everyone still awake.

Upstairs, Allan realized he'd lost his key. With a little pleading, I went downstairs to the manager for another key ("You're the only one here sober enough to do it," was Allan's excuse). Rick and Allan, still kicking around at 3:15 a.m. with me in bemused tow, decided to pester Jack, the road manager, for a set of rented - car keys so's we could hit a Denny's 24-hour restaurant. We returned in just under an hour, with the Roeser's midnite snack, full - bellied on cheeseburgers deluxe (the guys) and carrot cake and tea (yours truly).

At 4:30 a.m., Allan murmured something to me about him "Getting some sleep." Huh?! After ribbing me all night about not going to sleep? Ha ha. "Right. Well, good night, Allan. Who bet who about falling out first?..."

Three closing quotes: 1.) "All's fair in Rock and Pool." (?) 2.) From a roadie: "I like R&R — the lifestyle — because it's the most destructive thing I could get involved with, next to war." (he also said he appreciates rock for the fun of it all). 3.) and, unanimously, from all concerned on

the crew: "Being on the road is hell."

#### PART III FINAL VITAL INFO

One crucial last element: Sandy Pearlman. Having encouraged, helped conceive of; co-produced, penned amazing lyrics and rooted for the Cult (he and producer Murray Krugman came up with the name Blue Oyster Cult the day the group signed to Columbia records five years ago) from the very start — their Stonybrook era, living together in a big house, always jamming, playing biker dives, going by the group names Soft White Underbelly and the Stalk Forrest Group. Sandy Pearlman's been virtually BOC's Brian Epstein/Murray the K ... the sixth Cultster.

But his fifth and latest BOC broke the Pearlman grip. True to tarot, the death or in combination with the three other cards in the gent's hand on the album cover signifies change. From the tarot's major arcana, all four cards possess exceptional power — symbols for dynamic and mutable forces. "Agents of Fortune" features less of the Pearlman influence than any previous BOC work.

Symbolism happens to be a mainstay of Sandy Pearlman's thought stream: trait of poets, artics, lunatics ... and religious fanatics. The Catholic Church was not founded upon St. Peter's symbolic "rock" (of authority), but with ritualism, fear, ecstatic revelations! Ask Sandy about any of the aforementioned, question him on matters concerning the arcane, science, religion, outer space,

UFO lore - he'll probably have an answer, or keep you entertained on some other riveting topic. Not long ago a formidable rock critic, Pearlman switched to songwriting collaboration with distinguished colleague R. Meltzer along with Cult members Eric Bloom, the brothers Bouchard, Allan Lanier and D.B.D. Roeser.

Together and in various combinations, these rock intelligentsia / intelligent rockers gave heavy metal music a couple of the most astounding songs ever to singe the R&R imagination — though in a humorous sense, not ponderously 'heavy.' Regretfully, I've not yet heard the original definitive early BOC lp which was cut in late '69 under the Stalk Forrest Group appelation (rumored a killer lp — I believe!). Still, I've got loads of favorite BOC material, old and recent. "Stairway to the Stars," "Career of Evil," "Sinful Love," "True Confessions," "ME-262" inhabit my thoughts and vocal chords unshakably at times when I'm out roaming the streets of New York. I can't resist lines so desperate, melodic, ingenious and funny simultaneously (though, due to the material's sometimes macabre shadings, the Cult's been misconstrued as "Evil" in the past, albums one through four).

Most unshakable about BOC music, for me, is the visceral welding of 'hook,' crafty Buck Dharma / Allan Lanier riffing; ace vocals and harmonies, accurhythmic pacing, always splendidly produced. Lively professionalism — the product of frequent touring, recording contract dues - paying. After all, how easy is it for a group to get an album out when they're on the road seven months a year? As Albert Bouchard admits, "It's a little tricky to go beyond getting dragged by playing the same material. Especially when you've got lotsa stuff in your brain, or on tape, or whatever you wanna get out there." Thus, the Blue Oyster Cult's foremost creative anxiety: not getting enough time off to prove their worth on vinyl.

But now, with the commercial success of "Agents Of Fortune," in spite of R. Meltzer's disavowal of the album (largely on account of his being chintzed out of loyalties for his work, not getting this song he wrote "Hansel and Gretel," on "Agents"), BOC have surpassed itself as a killer rock band with commercial clout beyond a shadow of a doubt. With humor, thunder, thinktanks, smarts, musical dynamics and a sense of fun towards their art and themselves, the Blue Oyster Cult have to either make it this time around (though the next album's bound to receive accolades aplenty since it's taken people so long to get hip to the Cult, myself included) or bite the dust, dead of neglect like the state of rock nowadays, gimpy from the lack of more breathtaking bonecrusher groups like Blue Oyster Cult and the Dictators.

Catch 'em live and be saved - before it's too late. Any day now, this world's gonna mutate and/or be tyrannized beyond recognition, so y'all owe it to yourselves to see and hear the light before the curtain draws...

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#### THIN LIZZY

(continued from page 11)

he and drummer Brian Downey, the only remaining members of the first Thin Lizzys began auditioning musicians to complete the band. "It's a frightening position to be in, auditioning people," Phil said. "But there we were, auditioning. In the end, it got so bad, with so many guys coming down, that we used to just send up the Teac tape recorder and say, 'Plug in over there,' and me and Brian would just get smashed and jam all day. And we'd go home and listen to the tape and say, 'That wasn't bad. He was playing with us, and so on.'

"Finally one of the roadies said he knew this really young guy, only 17 years of age, in Glasgow. You know, a group is not just the guys that are in it. It's the road crews and the management, too. I think this isn't written about very much about bands. A band might lack its direction, and a roadie might come up and say, 'Hey, man, you want to get this together and do that.' And all of a sudden a band has got direction. The young guy was Brian Robertson, and he joined up.

"We were holding more auditions, and that was for keyboards. But through being a singer, I had never liked keyboards, because the songs always sounded so cold sitting down. And I wanted an upfront band. After being through the two three-piece bands, I wanted to enlarge it to two wings and fill the sound. If one guitarist wasn't as good as the other, then at least



I'd have one sort of lead. Just so it covered me all around.

"So we're trying and trying millions of guitarists. And everybody was playing



against Brian. It was a real competition sort of thing. Now the story gets complicated.

"Scott Gorham is from Los Angeles. And Bob C. Benberg, the drummer for Supertramp, is from Los Angeles. Bobby is married to Scott's sister. The two of them sort of split to England. Bobby was the first one, and he got a job with another Irish band called Bees Make Honey, which broke into Ace, and Graham Parker and the Rumour and Supertramp. I knew the Irish band, and one of the members said, 'We know this really good American guitarist on the pub circuit.' So Scott came down, and he looked right the minute he walked in.

"I think that's important — that somebody looks right as well as plays right. He plopped down and it just worked. He was like the archetype American guitarist, and Brian is like the archetype British guitarist. Scott had the California coolness, and Brian had the innocence of the young. And they both showed great potential.

"The only thing I dislike was that it made me, all of a sudden, from being an equal member, to like the oldest member of the band. I had to take on responsibilities which to this day I still regret having to do, because I always figured the image I would have liked of myself was to be the man second in the back — very moody. With somebody else out there doing it, you know what I mean?"

Yes, I knew what Phil Lynott meant. But it's also apparent that there's no chance Phil will ever realize his ideal image. Because it looks like he and Thin Lizzy are both out in front for the duration.□



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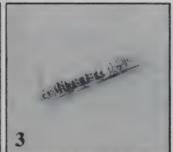
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#### PETER FRAMPTON

(continued from page 9)

WE. He said "we." Ah yes, the long-forgotten band. Another reason that the 1976 version of the Frampton Band has been so highly acclaimed is that bassist Stanley Sheldon, drummer John Siomos and Bob Mayo on keyboards give Frampton a complete framework for his multi-faceted compositions.

Why has Frampton changed personnel so often before? Is this

band a final quartet?

"It was hard to find three other people who are as into my music as I am. Now, everyone in the band, in their own way, is a perfectionist. Two Virgos, a Leo and a Taurus is really a perfectionist band. I've found three other people who just totally blow me away. I can hear what they're going to play on a new song

before they play it," said Peter.

Although Frampton is undoubtedly a solo act in every sense of the word, he realizes that his band is his musical backbone. He knows it takes a good blend of dynamic playing and common sense to make an onstage ensemble work properly. With the current Frampton band being just a year old, the best is yet to come. Strangely, Frampton has an all-American band. "Yes," he says, "everyone in the band is American except me. So I've got an 'American Band,' as Grand funk said.

"Stanley Sheldon joined a couple of months before the live album and Bob Mayo joined in February of this year. I met Bob through helping him in a group called Doc Holliday. And Kenny Passarelli, who is playing for Elton now, recommended Stanley highly," Peter said. Only drummer John Siomos (also known to Frampton fans as John Headley - Down on the SOMETHING'S HAPPENING album) remains as a remembrance of Frampton and his Camel, circa 1973.

"To find the ultimate group, really "was Peter's answer as to why he'd shifted personnel so often in the past. Now that he, seemingly, has that group, things are branching out a bit.

For example, when this new band began touring to promote the ALIVE album, the sets played were very close, almost exact, reproductions of the live double-lp that was to make him legendary. However, as of late, Peter has been playing more material from his debut solo album of 1972, WIND OF CHANGE. Also, some new material is being tested and the other three members of the band are exercising their talents much more than before. There's a looseness and a confidence that was not present in any of Framptons's prior road bands, or with this new band when it first performed together.

In speaking about his "blessing" (the live album, of course), Peter Frampton carefully states his summation of the effort that has sold more copies in its time since release than any other

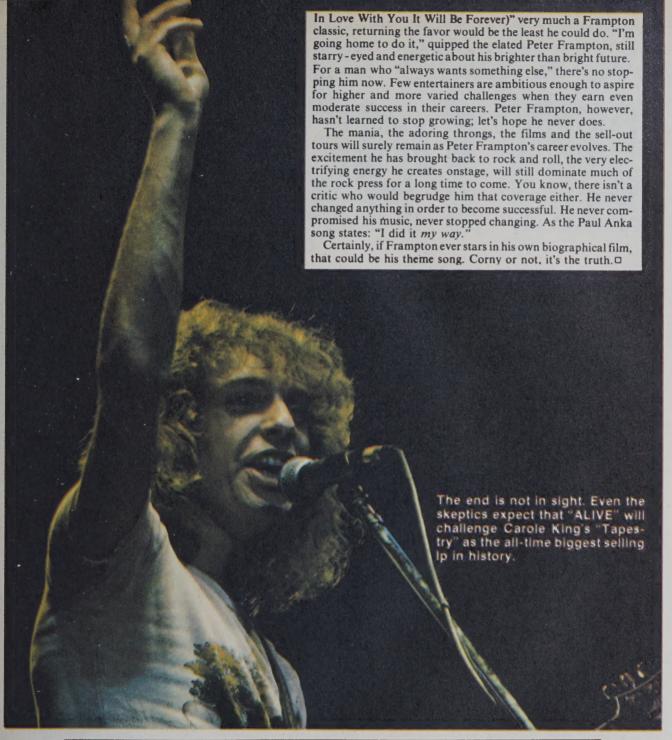
album in the history of the record business:

"It's probably the most exact representation of anything I've ever done before, because it covers my whole sphere of what I do. I'm totally blown away that it is selling the way it is, because I never expected that. I have always wanted an album to have success, but it's just totally unbelievable and I'm in a state of shock. When it happens, it happens real quick — overnight success after four years," laughed Peter.

Pushing him further, he added that he would, indeed, very much like to maintain his current Top 40 success. Modestly, Peter philosophizes about his goal in music. "Obviously," he said, "one wants that final acceptance from two year-olds to 75 year-olds, cause that's who you reach when you go AM. So, obviously I've got an ambition. I'm just an ambitious little fellow who, when something happens, always wants something else."

I wonder if he realizes that his goal is, for the most part, already realized and achieved. Having won "Personality Of The Year" on the Rock Awards' Second Annual presentation, Peter Frampton should have taken note that his capabilities as a musician are but one area of interest as far as his public is concerned. When Stevie Wonder made the presentation to Peter, it was obvious that the award was secondary; Peter was more excited about having met his long-time interest. "He's the nearest thing I have to an idol, "Peter commented afterwards. As the two superstars discussed common interests (such as the talkbox — which Peter used after hearing Stevie Wonder tracks with that effect), Peter was totally knocked out that Wonder ended their conversation by asking Peter to write him a song. Since Peter already has made Wonder's "I Believe (When I Fall





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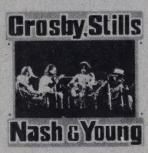
















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